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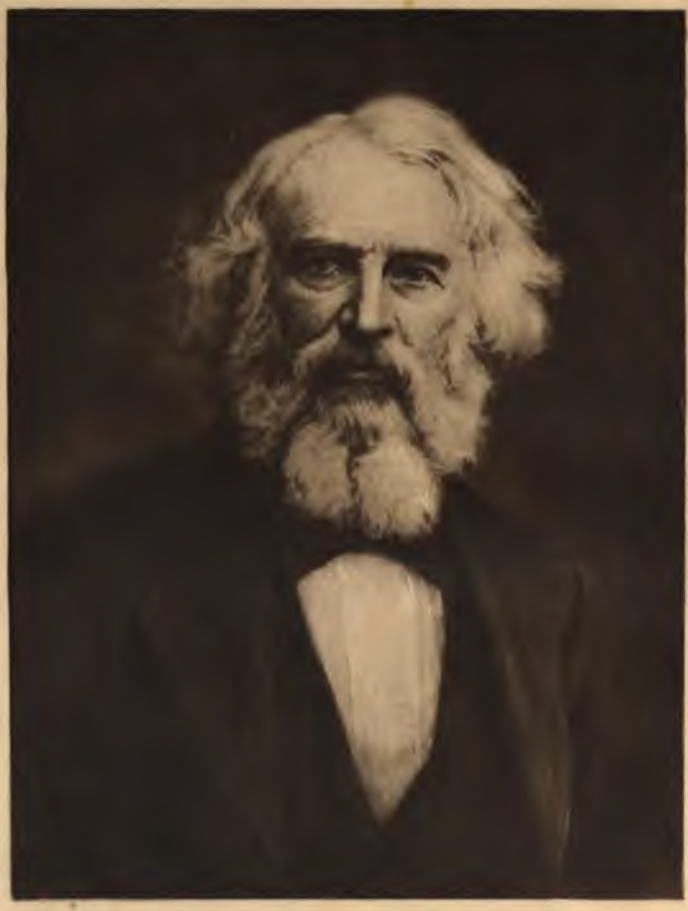

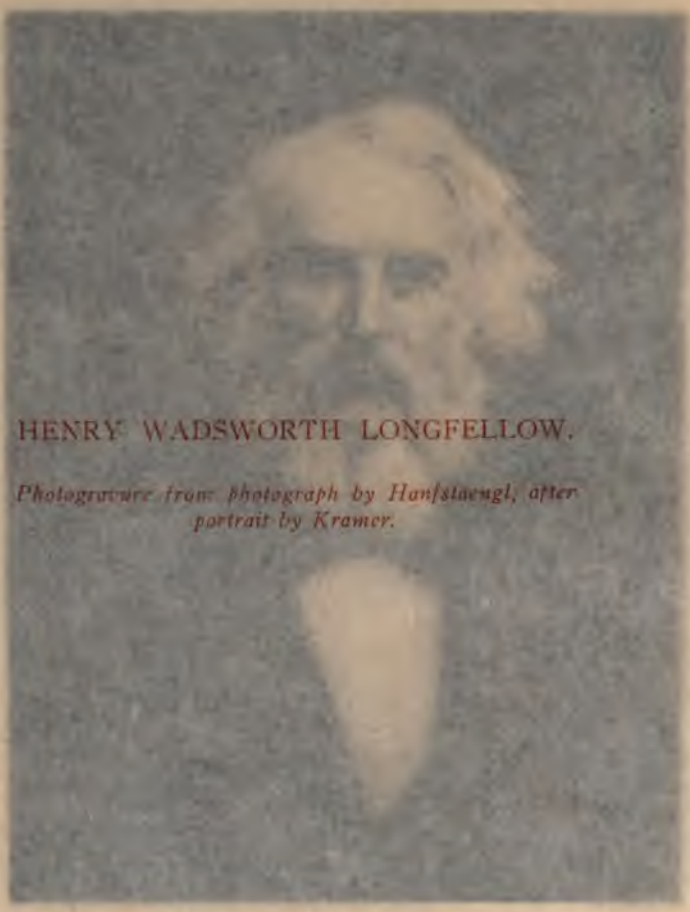

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The World's Best Poetry

Volumes Three and Four

Sorrow and Consolation

An Interpreter of Life

By

Lyman Abbott

The Higher Life

Religion and Poetry

By

Washington Gladden

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AN INTERPRETER OF LIFE.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

POETRY, music, and painting are three correlated arts, connected not merely by an accidental classification, but by their intrinsic nature. For they all possess the same essential function, namely, to interpret the uninterpretable, to reveal the undiscoverable, to express the inexpressible. They all attempt, in different forms and through different languages, to translate the invisible and eternal into sensuous forms, and through sensuous forms to produce in other souls experiences akin to those in the soul of the translator, be he poet, musician, or painter. That they are three correlated arts, attempting, each in its own way and by its own language, to express the same essential life, is indicated by their co-operation in the musical drama. This is the principle which Wagner saw so clearly, and has used to such effective purpose in his so-called operas, whose resemblance to the Italian operas which preceded them is more superficial than real. In the drama Wagner wishes you to consider neither the music apart from the scenery, nor the scenery apart from the acting, nor the three apart from the poetry. Poetry, music, and art combine with the actor to interpret truths of life which transcend philosophic definition. Thus in the first act

of "Parsifal," innocence born of ignorance, remorse born of the experience of temptation and sin, and reverence bred in an atmosphere not innocent yet free from the experience of great temptation, mingle in a drama which elevates all hearts, because in some one of these three phases it touches every heart. And yet certain of the clergy condemned the presentation as irreverent, because it expresses reverence in a symbolism to which they were unaccustomed.

But while it is true that these three arts are correlative and co-operative, they do not duplicate one another. Each not only speaks in a language of its own, but expresses in that language a life which the others cannot express. As color and fragrance combine to make the flower, but the color expresses what the fragrance cannot express, and the fragrance expresses what the color cannot express, so in the musical drama, music, poetry, and painting combine, not by duplicating but by supplementing each other. One may describe in language a symphony; but no description will produce the effect which the symphony produces. One may describe a painting; but no description will produce the effect which the painting will produce. So neither music, nor painting, nor both combined, can produce the same effect on the soul as poetry. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" enacted in pantomime, with Mendelssohn's music, would no more produce the same effect on the auditors which would be produced by the interpretation of the play in spoken words, than would the reading of the play at home

produce the same effect as the enacting of the play with what are miscalled the accessories of music and scenery. The music and scenery are no more accessories to the words than the words are accessories to the music and scenery. The three combine in a triple language to express and produce one life, and it can be expressed and produced in no other way than by the combination of the three arts in harmonious action. This is the reason why no parlor readings can ever take the place of the theatre, and no concert performance can ever take the place of the opera. This is the reason why all attempts to suppress the theatre and opera are and always will be in vain. They are attempts to suppress the expression and awakening of a life which can neither be expressed nor awakened in any other way; and suppression of life, however successfully it may be accomplished for a time, is never permanently possible.

These arts do not truly create, they interpret. Man is not a creator, he is only a discoverer. The imagination is not creative, it is only reportorial. Ideals are realities; imagination is seeing. The musician, the artist, the poet, discover life which others have not discovered, and each with his own instrument interprets that life to those less sensitive than himself. Observe a musician composing. He writes; stops; hesitates; meditates; perhaps hums softly to himself; perhaps goes to the piano and strikes a chord or two. What is he doing? He is trying to express to himself a beauty which he has heard in the world of infinite phenomena, and to reproduce it as well as sen-

suous sounds can reproduce it, that those with duller hearing than himself may hear it also. Observe a painter before his easel. He paints; looks to see the effect; erases; adds; modifies; re-examines; and repeats this operation over and over again. What is he doing? He is copying a beauty which he has seen in the invisible world, and which he is attempting to bring out from its hiding so that the men who have no eyes except for the sensuous may also see it. In my library is an original sonnet by John G. Whittier. In almost every line are erasures and interlineations. In some cases the careful poet has written a new line and pasted it over the rejected one. What does this mean? It means that he has discovered a truth of moral beauty and is attempting to interpret his discovery to the world. His first interpretation of his vision did not suit him, nor his second, nor his third, and he has revised and re-revised in the attempt to make his verse a true interpretation of the truth which he had seen. He did not make the truth; it eternally was. Neither did the musician make the truth of harmony, nor the painter the truth of form and color. They also eternally were. Poet, musician, painter, have seen, heard, felt, realized in their own souls some experience of life, some potent reality which philosophy cannot formulate, nor creed contain, nor eloquence define; and each in his own way endeavors to give it to the world of men; each in his own way endeavors to lift the gauzy curtain, impenetrable to most souls, which hides the invisible, the inaudible, the eternal, the

divine from men; and he gives them a glimpse of that of which he himself had but a glimpse.

In one sense and in one only can art be called creative: the artist, whether he be painter, musician, or poet, so interprets to other men the experience which has been created in him by his vision of the supersensible and eternal, that he evokes in them a similar experience. He is a creator only as he conveys to others the life which has been created in himself. As the electric wire creates light in the home; as the band creates the movement in the machinery; thus and only thus does the artist create life in those that wait upon him. He is in truth an interpreter and transmitter, not a creator. Nor can he interpret what he has not first received, nor transmit what he has not first experienced. The music, the painting, the poem are merely the instruments which he uses for that purpose. The life must first be in him or the so-called music, painting, poem are but dead simulacra; imitations of art, not real art. This is the reason why no mechanical device, be it never so skillfully contrived, can ever take the place of the living artist. The pianola can never rival the living performer; nor the orchestrion the orchestra; nor the chromo the painting. No mechanical device has yet been invented to produce poetry; even if some shrewd Yankee should invent a printing machine which would pick out rhymes as some printing machines seem to pick out letters, the result would not be a poem. This is the reason too why mere perfection of execution never really satisfies. "She

sings like a bird." Yes! and that is exactly the difficulty with her. We want one who sings like a woman. The popular criticism of the mere musical expert that he has no soul, is profound and true. It is soul we want; for the piano, the organ, the violin, the orchestra, are only instruments for the transmission of soul. This is also the reason why the most flawless conductor is not always the best. He must have a soul capable of reading the soul of the composer; and the orchestra must receive the life of the composer as that is interpreted to them through the life of the conductor, or the performance will be a soulless performance.

Into each of these arts, therefore—music, painting, poetry—enter two elements: the inner and the outer, the truth and the language, the reality and the symbol, the life and the expression. Without the electric current the carbon is a mere blank thread; the electric current is not luminous if there be no carbon. The life and the form are alike essential. So the painter must have something to express, but he must also have skill to express it; the musician must have music in his soul, but he must also have a power of instrumentation; the poet must feel the truth, or he is no poet, but he must also have power to express what he feels in such forms as will create a similar feeling in his readers, or he is still no poet. Multitudes of women send to the newspapers poetical effusions which are not poems. The feeling of the writer is excellent, but the expression is bad. The writer has seen, but

she cannot tell what she has seen; she has felt, but she cannot express her experience so as to enkindle a like experience in others. These poetical utterances of inarticulate poets are sometimes whimsical but oftener pathetic; sometimes they are like the prattle of little children who exercise their vocal organs before they have anything to say; but oftener they seem to me like the beseeching eyes of a dumb animal, full of affection and entreaty for which he has no vocal expression. It is just as essential that poetical feeling should have poetical expression in order to constitute poetry as it is that musical feeling should have musical expression in order to constitute music. And, on the other hand, as splashes of color without artistic feeling which they interpret are not art, as musical sounds without musical feeling which they interpret are not music, so poetical forms without poetical feeling are not poetry. Poetical feeling in unpoetical forms may be poetical prose, but it is still prose And on the other hand, rhymes, however musical they may be to the ear, are only rhymes, not poetry, unless they express a true poetical life.

But these two elements are separable only in thought, not in reality. Poetry is not common thought expressed in an uncommon manner; it is not an artificial phrasing of even the higher emotions. The higher emotions have a phrasing of their own; they fall naturally—whether as the result of instinct or of habit need not here be considered—into fitting forms. The form may be rhyme; it may be blank verse; it may be the

old Hebrew parallelism; it may even be the indescribable form which Walt Whitman has adopted. What is noticeable is the fact that poetical thought, if it is at its best, always takes on, by a kind of necessity, some poetical form. To illustrate if not to demonstrate this, it is only necessary to select from literature any fine piece of poetical expression of a higher and nobler emotion, or of clear and inspiring vision, and attempt to put it into prose form. The reader will find, if he be dealing with the highest poetry, that translating it into prose impairs its power to express the feeling, and makes the expression not less but more artificial. If he doubt this statement, let him turn to any of the finer specimens of verse in this volume and see whether he can express the life in prose as truly, as naturally, as effectively, as it is there expressed in rhythmical form.

These various considerations may help to explain why in all ages of the world the arts have been the handmaidens of religion. Not to amplify too much, I have confined these considerations to the three arts of music, painting, and poetry; but they are also applicable to sculpture and architecture. All are attempts by men of vision to interpret to the men who are not equally endowed with vision, what the invisible world about us and within us has for the enrichment of our lives. This is exactly the function of religion: to enrich human lives by making them acquainted with the infinite. It is true that at times the arts have been sensualized, the emphasis has been

put on the form of expression, not on the life expressed; and then reformers, like the Puritans and the Quakers, have endeavored to exclude the arts from religion, lest they should contaminate it. But the exclusion has been accomplished with difficulty, and to maintain it has been impossible. It is neither an accident, nor a sign of decadence, that painting and sculpture are creeping back into the Protestant churches, to combine with poetry and music in expressing the religious life of man. For the intellect alone is inadequate either to express that life as it exists, or to call it into existence where it does not exist. The tendency to ritual in our time is a tendency not to substitute æsthetic for spiritual life, though there is probably always a danger that such a substitution may be unconsciously made, but to express a religious life which cannot be expressed without the aid of æsthetic symbols. The work of the intellect is to analyze and define. But the infinite is in the nature of the case indefinable, and it is with the infinite religion has to do. All that theology can hope to accomplish is to define certain provinces in the illimitable realm of truth; to analyze certain experiences in a life which transcends all complete analysis. The Church must learn to regard not with disfavor or suspicion, but with eager acceptance, the co-operation of the arts in the interpretation of infinite truth and the expression of infinite life. Certainly we are not to turn our churches into concert rooms or picture and sculpture galleries, and imagine that æsthetic

enjoyment is synonymous with piety. But as surely we are not to banish the arts from our churches, and think that we are religious because we are barren. All language, whether of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, or oratory, is legitimately used to express the divine life, as all the faculties, whether of painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, orator, and philosopher, are to be used in reaching after a more perfect knowledge of Him who always transcends and always will transcend our perfect knowing.

Thus the study of poetry is the study of life, because poetry is the interpretation of life. Poetry is not a mere instrument for promoting enjoyment; it does not merely dazzle the imagination and excite the emotions. Through the emotions and the imagination it both interprets life and ministers to life. When the critic attempts to express that truth, that is, to interpret the interpreter, which he can do only by translating the poetry into prose, and the language of imagination and emotion into that of philosophy, he destroys the poem in the process, much as the botanist destroys the flower in analyzing it, or the musical critic the composition in disentangling its interwoven melodies and explaining the nature of its harmonic structure. The analysis, whether of music, art, or poetry, must be followed by a synthesis, which, in the nature of the case, can be accomplished only by the hearer or reader for himself. All that I can do here is to illustrate this revelatory character of poetry by some refer-

ences to the poems which this volume contains. I do not attempt to explain the meaning of these poems; that is a task quite impossible. I only attempt to show that they have a meaning, that beneath their beauty of form is a depth of truth which philosophical statement in prose cannot interpret, but the essence of which such statement may serve to suggest. I do not wish to expound the truth of life which is contained in the poet's verse; I only wish to show that the poet by his verse reveals a truth of life which the critic cannot express, and that it is for this reason pre-eminently that such a collection of poetry as this is deserving of the reader's study.

If for example the student turns to such a volume as Newman Smyth's "Christian Ethics," he will find there a careful though condensed discussion of the right and wrong of suicide. It is cool, deliberate, philosophical. But it gives no slightest hint of the real state of the man who is deliberating within himself whether he will commit suicide or no; no hint of the real arguments that pass in shadow through his mind:—the weariness of life which summons him to end all; the nameless, indefinable dread of the mystery and darkness and night into which death carries us, which makes him hesitate. If we would really understand the mind of the suicide, not merely the mind of the philosopher coolly debating suicide, we must turn to the poet.

> "To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

This first the poet does: he draws aside the veil which hides the working of men's hearts, and lets us see their hidden life. But he does more. Not merely does he afford us knowledge, he imparts life. For we know feeling only by participating in the feeling; and the poet has the art not merely to describe the experiences of men but so to describe them that for the moment we share

them, and so truly know them by the only process by which they can be known. Who, for instance, can read Thomas Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs" and not, as he reads, stand by the despairing one as she waits a moment upon the bridge just ready to take her last leap out of the cruelty of this world into, let us hope, the mercy of a more merciful world beyond?

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Homeless by night.

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world.

"In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

No analysis of philosophy can make us acquainted with the tragedy of this life as the poet can; no exhortation of preacher can so effectively arouse in us the spirit of a Christian charity for the despairing wanderer as the poet.

Would you know the tragedy of a careless and supercilious coquetry which plays with the heart as the fisherman plays with the salmon? Read "Clara Vere de Vere." Would you know the dull heartache of a loveless married life, growing at times into an intolerable anguish which no marital fidelity can do much to medicate? Read "Auld Robin Gray." Who but a poet can interpret the pain of a parting between loving hearts, with its remorseful recollections of the wholly innocent love's joys that are past?

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Who but a poet can depict the perils of an unconscious drifting apart, such as has destroyed many a friendship and wrecked many a married life, as Clough has depicted it in "Qua Cursum Ventus"? If you would know the life-long sorrow of the blind man at your side, would enter into his life and for a brief moment share his captivity, read Milton's interpretation of that sorrow in Samson's Lament. If you would find some message to cheer the blind man in his darkness and illumine his captivity, read the same poet's ode on his own blindness:

"God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

No prison statistics, no police reports, no reformer's documents, no public discussions of the question, What to do with the tramp, will ever so make the student of life participant of the innermost experience of the tramp, his experience of dull despair, his loss of his grip on life, as Béranger's "The Old Vagabond." No expert in nervous diseases, no psychological student of mental states, normal and abnormal, can give the reader so clear an understanding of that deep and seemingly causeless dejection, which because it seems to be causeless seems also to be well-nigh incurable, as Percy Bysshe Shelley has given in his "Stanzas written near Naples." No critical expounder of the Stoical philosophy can interpret the stoical temper which interposes a sullen but dauntless pride to attacking sorrow as William Ernest Henley has done:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Nor can any preacher put in so vital a contrast to this despairing defiance with which pride chal-

lenges sorrow, the joyous victory which a trusting love wins over it by submitting to it, as John Greenleaf Whittier has done in "The Eternal Goodness":

> "I know not what the future hath
> Of marvel or surprise,
> Assured alone that life and death
> His mercy underlies.
>
> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air:
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

No philosophical treatise can interpret bereavement as the great poets have interpreted it. The mystery of sorrow, the bewilderment it causes, the wonder whether there is any God or any good, the silence that is the only answer to our call for help, the tumult of emotion, the strange perplexity of mind, the dull despair, the inexplicable paralysis of feeling, intermingling in one wholly inconsistent and incongruous experience: where, in all the literature of Philosophy can we find such an exposition and echo and interpretation of this experience as in that great Hebrew epic—the Book of Job? And where in all the literature of Philosophy can we find such interpreters of the two great comforters of the soul, faith and hope, as one finds in the poets? They do not argue; they simply sing. And, as a note struck upon one of a chime of bells will set the neighboring bell vibrating, so the strong note of faith and hope sounded by the poet, sets a like note vibrating in the mourner's heart. The mystery is not solved,

but the silence is broken. First we listen to the poet, then we listen to the same song sung in our own hearts,—the same, for it is God who has sung to him and who sings to us. And when the bereaved has found God, he has found light in his darkness, peace in his tempest, a ray in his night.

> "As a child,
> Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,
> Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
> Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
> He sleep the faster that he wept before."

The visitor to the island of Catalina, off the coast of California, is invited to go out in a glass-bottomed boat upon the sea. If he accepts the invitation and looks about him with careless curiosity, he will enjoy the blue of the summer sky and ocean wave, and the architectural beauty of the island hills; but if he turns his gaze downward and looks through the glass bottom of the boat in which he is sailing, he will discover manifold phases of beauty in the life beneath the sea waves: in goldfish darting hither and thither, in umbrella-shaped jellyfish lazily swimming by, in starfish and anemones of infinite variety, in sea-urchins brilliant in color, and in an endless forest of water-weeds exquisitely delicate in their structure. Perhaps he will try to photograph them; but in vain: his camera will render him no report of the wealth of life which he has seen. So he who takes up such a volume of poetry as this will find ample repayment in the successive pictures which it presents to his imagination, and

the transient emotions which it will excite in him. But besides this there is a secret life which the careless reader will fail to see, and which the critic cannot report, but which will be revealed to the thoughtful, patient, meditative student. In this power to reveal an otherwise unknown world, lies the true glory of poetry. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the poet has to say to him.

Lyman Abbott

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The patient grief and endurance of Absence: while the tapestry woven by day stands on the frame to be unravelled by night, as the loyal wife puts off her suitors. Painting by Rudolph von Deutsch.

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From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co., after a painting by R. Pötzelberger.

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"Behold me, a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!"

From photograph after a painting by G. Graeff.

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER 188

From lithograph after a crayon-drawing by H. Alophe.

THOMAS HOOD 200

After an engraving from contemporary portrait.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING 216

After a photograph from life by Talfourd, London.

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THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD 270

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

After an original drawing by Harry Fenn.

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"Death comes in,
Though Love, with outstretched arms and wings outspread,
Would bar the way."

From photogravure after the painting by George Frederick Watts.

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After a life-photograph by Rockwood, New York.

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From an engraving after the drawing by George Richmond.

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After a life-photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

POEMS OF SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

POEMS OF SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

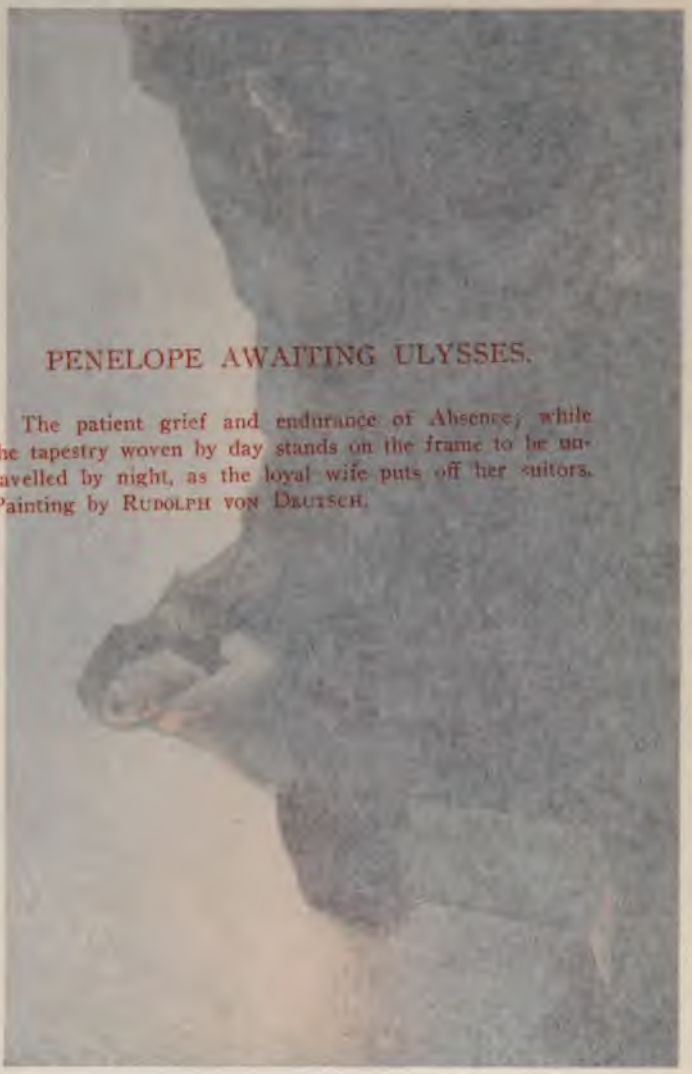
I.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Fair nought that ever I could fear,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.



PENELOPE AWAITING ULYSSES.

The patient grief and endurance of Absence, while the tapestry woven by day stands on the frame to be unravelled by night, as the loyal wife puts off her suitors. Painting by RUDOLPH VON DEUTSCH.

POEMS OF SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

I.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT I. SC. 1.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
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The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
  For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
  I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
  You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
  Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
  A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
  Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
  I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
  And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
  Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  You put strange memories in my head.

Not thrice your branching lines have blown
  Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
O your sweet eyes, your low replies:
  A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
  Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
  She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
  That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
  Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
  You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
  To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
  And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
  From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
  Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
  'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
  And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
  You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
  Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
  But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
  You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
  If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
  Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
  Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
  And let the foolish yeoman go.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood,—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I 've wished that little isle had wings,

And we, within its fairy bowers,
  Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
  And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,—
  Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
  A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turned, that he might see
  The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
  His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right,—
We part—forever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it *could* not last,—
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
  I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
  But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
  To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
  And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine
  Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
  O misery! must I lose *that* too?"

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN.
(HON. MRS. NORTON.)

THE PRINCESS.

THE Princess sat lone in her maiden bower,
The lad blew his horn at the foot of the tower.
"Why playest thou alway? Be silent, I pray,
It fetters my thoughts that would flee far away.
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,
The lad had ceased to play on his horn.
"Oh, why art thou silent? I beg thee to play!
It gives wings to my thought that would flee far away,
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,
Once more with delight played the lad on his horn.
She wept as the shadows grew long, and she sighed:
"Oh, tell me, my God, what my heart doth betide,
Now the sun has gone down."

From the Norwegian of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.
Translation of NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT I. SC. 4.

VIOLA.—Ay, but I know,—
DUKE.—What dost thou know?
VIOLA.—Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
DUKE.—And what 's her history?
VIOLA.—A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAIR INES.

O SAW ye not fair Ines? she 's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down, and rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her, the smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek, and pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines, before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone, and stars unrivalled bright;
And blessèd will the lover be that walks beneath their light,

And breathes the love against thy cheek I dare
not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines, that gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side and whispered
thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home, or no true
lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win the dearest
of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines, descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen, and banners
waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay, and snowy
plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream—if it had
been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines! she went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps, and shoutings
of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth, but only
Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell to her
you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines! that vessel never
bore
So fair a lady on its deck, nor danced so light be-
fore—
Alas for pleasure on the sea, and sorrow on the
shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart has broken
many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
  Departed—never to return.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
  To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
  And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
  Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
  But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONNET.

FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA."

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

AGATHA.

SHE wanders in the April woods,
That glisten with the fallen shower;
She leans her face against the buds,
She stops, she stoops, she plucks a flower.
She feels the ferment of the hour:
She broodeth when the ringdove broods;
The sun and flying clouds have power

Upon her cheek and changing moods.
  She cannot think she is alone,
    As over her senses warmly steal
  Floods of unrest she fears to own
    And almost dreads to feel.

Among the summer woodlands wide
  Anew she roams, no more alone;
The joy she feared is at her side,
  Spring's blushing secret now is known.
  The primrose and its mates have flown,
The thrush's ringing note hath died;
  But glancing eye and glowing tone
Fall on her from her god, her guide.
  She knows not, asks not, what the goal,
    She only feels she moves towards bliss,
  And yields her pure unquestioning soul
    To touch and fondling kiss.

And still she haunts those woodland ways,
  Though all fond fancy finds there now
To mind of spring or summer days,
  Are sodden trunk and songless bough.
  The past sits widowed on her brow,
Homeward she wends with wintry gaze,
  To walls that house a hollow vow,
To hearth where love hath ceased to blaze;
  Watches the clammy twilight wane,
    With grief too fixed for woe or tear;
  And, with her forehead 'gainst the pane,
    Envies the dying year.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE SUN-DIAL.

'T is an old dial, dark with many a stain;
  In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
  And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
  Lean letters speak,—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade: a Shadowe too art thou:
  I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head;
  And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
  His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
  Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and smiling hummed a tune,—
  Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
  About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
  Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
  Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
  Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
  There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale,—
  An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
  Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
  And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
  Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hearts and hands the letter bound,
  And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,—

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
  The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone
  The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
  Then came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
  A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head.

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
  Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how
  The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
  Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
  More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
  Took out the note;—held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
  Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
  Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his crest,
  And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

. . . . . .

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
  There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
  A small gray spot,—the record of a tear.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn,—
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me ;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned,—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs;
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes,—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the water did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,—
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy,—think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty,—kiss him; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought,—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand,—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened fore-
head of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst
thou less unworthy proved,
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than
ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears
but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart
be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length
of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clang-
ing rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of
the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I
knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she
speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?
No,—she never loved me truly; love is love for-
evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils; this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry;
'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.—
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with a palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn,—
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit,—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day,—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,—
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag,—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind—
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know
my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast
with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage,—what to me were
sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files
of time,—

I, that rather held it better men should perish
one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-
ward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-
ing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as
when life begun,—
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the light-
nings, weigh the sun,—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

SONG.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"The morn is merry June, I trow—
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work,—my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
And Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I 'm come hame, love, for to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bad him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

TO A PORTRAIT.

A PENSIVE photograph
  Watches me from the shelf—
Ghost of old love, and half
  Ghost of myself!

How the dear waiting eyes
  Watch me and love me yet—
Sad home of memories,
  Her waiting eyes!

Ghost of old love, wronged ghost,
  Return: though all the pain
Of all once loved, long lost,
  Come back again.

Forget not, but forgive!
  Alas, too late I cry.
We are two ghosts that had their
    chance to live,
  And lost it, she and I.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl
  Of other blood reposes;
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl
  Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
  Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
  Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,
  Relaxed the frosty twine,—
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
  The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
  Those dimly-visioned boughs,
As these young lovers face to face
  Renew their early vows.

From the German of HEINRICH HEINE.
Translation of RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
LORD HOUGHTON.

CUMNOR HALL.

[SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE SUGGESTIVE ORIGIN OF SCOTT'S "KENILWORTH."]

THE dews of summer night did fall;
  The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
  And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
  The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
  That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
  That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
  Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
  Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
  I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
  When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
  No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
  No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,

And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he, that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
  Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
  And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
  Or 't is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
  Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
  (The injured surely may repine,)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
  When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
  And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
  Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
  Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
  Nor think a Countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
  How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—
  To be content—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them—
  Daily to pine and waste with care!

Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
  Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
  The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
  By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
  The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
  'Countess, prepare, thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
  Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
  Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
  Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,
And many a boding seems to say,
  'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
  In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
  And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
  In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
  And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
  An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
  Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
  The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for nevermore
  That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
  Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
  Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
  Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
  Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
  And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onward they 've espied
  The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
  O waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
  Where I and my love were wont to gae!

I leaned my back unto an aik,
  I thocht it was a trustie tree,
But first it bowed and syne it brak',—
  Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
  A little time while it is new!
But when it 's auld it waxeth cauld,
  And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he 'll never lo'e me mair.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
  The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
  Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I am wearie.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry;
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
  We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
  An' I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed
  That love had been so ill to win,

I 'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,
  And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
  And the green grass growing over me!

ANONYMOUS.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!
Thy father breides me great annoy.
  Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
  It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee,
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
  Balow, etc.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!

But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, etc.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, etc.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning 's wonderous sair.
Balow, etc.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I 'll together live,
He 'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, etc.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;

For if we doe but chance to bow,
They 'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

ANONYMOUS.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I 'm dyin' for your sake!
O, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—
O, say ye 'll think of me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It 's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,

Or it will burst the silken twine,
  Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
  When we thegither met,—
O, wae 's me for the time, Willie,
  That our first tryst was set!
O, wae 's me for the loanin' green
  Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae 's me for the destinie
  That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
  I downa seek to blame;
But O, it 's hard to live, Willie,
  And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
  And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
  For sorrow, and for sin?

I 'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
  And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
  Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
  The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
  Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
  A sair stoun' through my heart;

O, haud me up and let me kiss
  Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
  How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
  Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
  That lifts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
  Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
  Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
  As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
  On land where'er ye be;
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
  That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
  That file my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
  Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky
  Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
  Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
  Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
  Ashes of roses.

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger 's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upwards, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

JOHN HAY.

THE SHADOW ROSE.

A NOISETTE on my garden path
  An ever-swaying shadow throws;
But if I pluck it strolling by,
  I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood
  To shadow it,—but was it fair
In him, who plucked and bore you off,
  To leave your shadow lingering there?

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

HAS SUMMER COME WITHOUT THE ROSE?

Has summer come without the rose,
  Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
  O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
  Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
  Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
  The rose true on the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through,
  But all proved false to me.
World, is there one good thing in you,
  Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
  Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
  Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
  And give the summer up.
O sweet place, desolate in tall
  Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
  Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me;
  Come back with any face,

Summer!—do I care what you do?
  You cannot change one place,—
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
  The grave I make the spot,—
Here, where she used to love me,
  Here, where she loves me not.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

[A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware-shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best know as Dirty Dick (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.]

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;

The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety sign-board no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he 'd to sell;
But for house and for man a new title took growth,
Like a fungus,—the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof;
'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,—
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare;
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in gloom,
To peep at the door of the wonderful room
Such stories are told about, none of them true!—
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room,—forty years since, folk settled and decked it.
The luncheon 's prepared, and the guests are expected,
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends will be with him today.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.
'T is a room deaf and dumb mid the city's uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they 're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go;
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:

But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust;
The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his part in the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he 's more clean.
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odors round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake
Perchance some nightingale doth shake
His feathers, and the air is full of song;
In those old days when I was young and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,
And find him singing on the self-same bough
(I know it even now)
Where, since the flit of bat,
In ceaseless voice he sat,
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Beneath the vernal moon;
And while I listed long,

Day rose, and still he sang,
And all his stanchless song,
As something falling unaware,
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang,—
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

. . . . .

My soul lies out like a basking hound,—
A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses,—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,

Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done forever,
And the palpitating fever,
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a
thousand pains,
Cooled at once by that blood-let
Upon the parapet;
And all the tedious taskèd toil of the difficult
long endeavor
Solved and quit by no more fine
Than these limbs of mine,
Spanned and measured once for all
By that right-hand I lost,
Bought up at so light a cost
As one bloody fall
On the soldier's bed,
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead.

O, to think my name is crost
From duty's muster-roll;
That I may slumber though the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul
Free as a liberated ghost.
O, to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile,—
That fire from which I come, as the dead come

Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Through years of segregated care,
And takes the total load
Upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God.

O, to think, through good or ill,
Whatever I am you 'll love me still;
O, to think, though dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,
As though my head were gray;
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses,—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done forever,
And the palpitating fever,

That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And she,
Perhaps, O even she
May look as she looked when I knew her
In those old days of childish sooth,
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.
I will not seek nor sue her,
For I 'm neither fonder nor truer
Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth,
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,
And I only lived to rue her.
But I 'll never love another,
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
She shall love me yet, my brother!

As a child that holds by his mother,
While his mother speaks his praises,
Holds with eager hands,
And ruddy and silent stands
In the ruddy and silent daisies,
And hears her bless her boy,
And lifts a wondering joy,
So I 'll not seek nor sue her,
But I 'll leave my glory to woo her,
And I 'll stand like a child beside,
And from behind the purple pride
I 'll lift my eyes unto her,
And I shall not be denied.
And you will love her, brother dear,
And perhaps next year you 'll bring me here
All through the balmy April tide,
And she will trip like spring by my side,
And be all the birds to my ear.

And here all three we 'll sit in the sun,
And see the Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,
New springs of fresh primroses,
Springs of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

DIVIDED.

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
  Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom:
We two among them wading together,
  Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
  Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet:
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
  Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
  Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
  Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
  And short dry grass under foot is brown,

But one little streak at a distance lieth
  Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
  And God, He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
  Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
  We parted the grasses dewy and sheen:
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
  A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
  Light was our talk as of faery bells—
Faery wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
  Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
  We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
  And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows;
  Circling above us the black rooks fly,
Forward, backward: lo, their dark shadows
  Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck—for her long grass parteth,
  As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;

And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
  His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,
  Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
  On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
  On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
  Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
  I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
  Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer;
  A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
  Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider—
  "Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
  Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning:
  No second crossing that ripple's flow:

"Come to me now, for the west is burning:
  Come ere it darkens."—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
  The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
  The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
  A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
  Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
  Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
  And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,
  On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
  Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
  A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
  A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered,
  Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;

Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
  Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
  When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
  The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
  On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
  And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river;
  Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
  And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
  The river hasteth, her banks recede;
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
  Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing—
  (Shouts of mariners winnow the air)—
And level sands for banks endowing
  The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
  And crowds are passing, and banks stretch
    wide,

How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
  That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
  My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
  As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
  A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
  Yea, better—e'en better than I love him:

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
  The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
  Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELOW.

TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,
  Far, in some desert rude,
I 'll hide my weakness, my despair:
  And, 'midst my solitude,
I 'll pray, that, should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
  Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms!

Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!

From the French of CLEMENT MAROT.
Translation of LOUISE STUART COSTELLO.

THE SPINNER.

THE spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat and spun:
"The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,
"And the moon and sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new-blown rose
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon
And her song was low:
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go.
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere it turn to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun:
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary,—my work is done,
I have wrought my best;
I have spun and woven with patient eyes
And with fingers fleet.
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies
In a winding-sheet!"

MARY AINGE DE VERE (*Madeline Bridges*).

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.*

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, like break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I 'll love no more,
  Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
  What reason I should be the same?
    He that can love unloved again,
    Hath better store of love than brain:
God sends me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

* The first stanza of this song appears in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," Act iv. Sc. 1.; the same, with the second stanza added, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," Act v. Sc. 2.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom didst recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthrall;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I 'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

TIME'S REVENGE.

SHE, who but late in beauty's flower was seen,
Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—

Who froze my hopes and triumphed in my fears,
Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.
Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
And dimmed her eye, and wrinkled is her brow;
And querulous the voice by time repressed,
Whose artless music stole me from my rest.
Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair
And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

From the Greek of AGATHIAS.
Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power,—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not,—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that 's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows.—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make

Substances, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep,—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of a mild declivity, the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing,—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself,—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young,—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one belovèd face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;

She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased
To live with himself: she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously,—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother,—but no more; 't was much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not,—
and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of the hill she stood,
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned;
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned

His bowed head on his hands and shook, as 't were
With a convulsion,—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears,
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood; in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay

Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was returned.—I saw him stand

Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been,—
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light;
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love;—O, she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul! her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth,
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality,—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

ALAS! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air,—a look,
  A word unkind or wrongly taken,—
O, love that tempests never shook,
  A breath, a touch like this has shaken!
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
  As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
  Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
  Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
  He sits, with flowerets fettered round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
  Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
  Lose all their glory when he flies!

THOMAS MOORE.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,
  Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
  Time, however, soon shall throw
    Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
  Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
  Time and scorn congeal the mind,—
    Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
  Time dissolve the winter snow;

Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted love shall never blow!

From the Portuguese of LUIS DE CAMOENS.
Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

THE NEVERMORE.

LOOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.

I sat by the dying fire, and thought
  Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
  Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
  With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
  But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
  In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
  All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
  Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
  And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
  When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
  I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
  The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
  Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
  When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
  And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
  For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said—"The thing is precious to me:
  They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
  If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
  And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
  Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,
  There stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
  And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
  I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
  I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
  It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
  And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man, that was moving slow
  O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side:

And at once the sweat broke over my brow.
  "Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers' light,
  The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
  And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
  Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began;
  "There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
  The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
  And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
  "A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
  He answered, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I returned, "let the dead decide:
  And whosesoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
  Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
  We opened it by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
  Was—neither his nor mine.

" One nail drives out another, at least!
  The face of the portrait there," I cried,
" Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
  Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
  And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
  For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

ONLY A WOMAN.

" She loves with love that cannot tire:
  And if, ah, woe! she loves alone,
  Through passionate duty love flames higher,
  As grass grows taller round a stone."

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

So, the truth 's out. I 'll grasp it like a snake,—
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed;
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except—one trifle scarcely worth being named—

The heart. That 's gone. The corrupt dead might be
As easily raised up, breathing,—fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him,—any woman would:
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!—
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine,—when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne—
Poor substitute—because the queen was gone!

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman even as this,—

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep;—
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound,—
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder,—colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All,—anything but him. It was to be,
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again,—he gives me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed:
He is a just man,—he will live unblamed.

Only—O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love 's dead!

Dead?—Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard:
So let me bury it without a word.

He 'll keep that other woman from my sight.
I know not if her face be foul or bright;
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine; I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship 's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows,—none heeds. I have a little pride;
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,
With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms;
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms;
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
  Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
  Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
  Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
  The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
  There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
  Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
  Of the chimney, where with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
  Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
  A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
  Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
  She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
  Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
  To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
  To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
  On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
  She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
  Together they go, through glimmer and gloom:—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
  In the low-raftered garret room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
  The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
  And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
  Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
  Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
  Singing she goes, and her heart is full,

And many a long-drawn golden thread
  Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
  Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
  Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
  Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
  Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
  They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol:—
  It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
  The wheel is set by the shadowy wall,—
A hand at the latch,—'t is lifted lightly,
  And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
  The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
  And tells his story, and joints his flute:
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
  They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
  When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:
  O, then the weary, weary days!

Ever with restless, wretched heart,
  Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
  She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
  And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie, and could you steel
  Your thoughts towards one who loved you so?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
  In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
  To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
  Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she:
  A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
  In the great, gay city grows estranged:
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
  A rustle, a murmur,—O Dorothy! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view—
  'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
  And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with a grizzled head
  Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
  Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
  That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
  Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
  Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
  Groping under the farm-house eaves,—
And life was a brief November day
  That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
  Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
  Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
  To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
  And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face,
  What passion stirred her blood,
What tide of sorrow and desire
  Poured its forgotten flood
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,
Long since, with thought that life was sweet,
When nights were rich with vernal dusk,
  And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then
  Stolen through the latticed room,

Her funeral raiment would have shed
  A more heart-breaking gloom;
Had not a dimpled convent-maid
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,
And left the melancholy place
  Bright with her blush and bloom!

Beside the gilded harp she stood,
  And through the singing strings
Wound those wan hands of folded prayer
  In murmurous preludings.
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high
Its melody, as climb the sky,
Melting against the melting blue,
  Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why, of all the songs that grow
  Forever tenderer,
Chose she that passionate refrain
  Where lovers 'mid the stir
Of wassailers that round them pass
Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,
In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,
  What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
  The statue in its shrine;
A sense of tears thrilled all the air
  Along the purpling line.
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
To hollow footsteps, while she sang,
"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

FIDELITY IN DOUBT.

COME, lady, to my song incline,
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted!
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!
Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In every deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

From the French of GUIRAUD LE ROUX.
Translation of HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

II.

PARTING AND ABSENCE.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
  That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
  To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase.—
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
  Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

GOOD-BYE.

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard
  From the lips of those who part:
'T is a whispered tone,—'t is a gentle word,
  But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
  To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
  The honest words, "Good-bye!"

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
  In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
  'T is not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
  We would have forever nigh,
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
  In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye."

The mother, sending forth her child
  To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
  For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives
  Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
  "God bless thee, boy! Good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
  When the glance hast lost its beam;
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
  And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
  The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
  A long, a last Good-bye.

ANONYMOUS.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee!

ROBERT BURNS.

O, MY LUVE 'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY Luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June:
O, my Luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:

And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
  And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
  Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
  *Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.**

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
  Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;

* *Zóē mou, sas ágapō;* My life, I love thee.

By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ.

LORD BYRON.

SONG

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS OF RODERICK DHU."

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
  His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
  Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
  To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
  The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
  "O, where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
  Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
  He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
  Shuts close his pinions to his breast

If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
  And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
  We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
  In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
  Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
  They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
  "Adieu!" she cried; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, "The cock crows,—hark!"
He says, "No! still 't is dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright,"
He says, "O no, my Light."

She says, "Stand up and say,
Gets not the heaven gray?"

He says, "The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start;

But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe!"

ANONYMOUS. From the Chinese.
Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
  Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
  To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
  From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
  To those we 've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
  We talk with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
  So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
  Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet 's the cup that circles then
  To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
  Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
  And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
  If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
  With some we 've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
  When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave
  Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
  To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
  Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
  With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
  Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,
  And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
  By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so,—but why the tale reveal
  Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
  Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
  And onward each rejoicing steered;—
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
  Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
  Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,

Through winds and tides one compass guides;
  To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
  Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,—
  Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,—
  One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
  At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
  Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
  And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
  We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
  My native Land—Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
  To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
  But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
  Its hearth is desolate;

Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
  My dog howls at the gate.

LORD BYRON.

FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

FARE thee well! and if forever,
  Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
  'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
  Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
  Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
  Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
  'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,—
  Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
  Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
  Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
  To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not:
  Love may sink by slow decay;

But by sudden wrench, believe not
  Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thy own its life retaineth,—
  Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
  Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
  Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
  Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
  When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
  Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
  When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
  Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
  Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
  With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
  All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
  Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
  Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee,—by thee forsaken,
  Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 't is done; all words are idle,—
  Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
  Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
  Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
  More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

SINCE there 's no helpe,—come, let us kisse and parte,
  Nay, I have done,—you get no more of me;
And I am glad,—yea, glad with all my hearte,
  That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free.
Shake hands forever!—cancel all our vows;
  And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our brows,
  That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now—at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath—
  When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
  And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now! if thou wouldst—when all have given him over—
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEAR.

SONNET LXXXVII.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;

The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

JULIA (*or* LOUISA MACARTNEY) CRAWFORD.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted forever!

The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealèd book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence,—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river:
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA (*or* LOUISA MACARTNEY) CRAWFORD.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white
  Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
  She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
  I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
  Thinks she,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years; once more I press
  The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
  I hear,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
  The English words had seemed too fain,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
  She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PALINODE.

AUTUMN.

STILL thirteen years: 't is autumn now
  On field and hill, in heart and brain;
The naked trees at evening sough;
The leaf to the forsaken bough
  Sighs not,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
  That now is void, and dank with rain,
And one,—oh, hope more frail than foam!
The bird to his deserted home
  Sings not,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
  Once, parting there, we played at pain;
There came a parting, when the weak
And fading lips essayed to speak
  Vainly,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
  Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith
  Softly,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

If earth another grave must bear,
  Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
  Floats down,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend that once welcomed it too,

And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er can forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! will be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest if it tell me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM "THE ILIAD," BOOK VI.

"Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned;
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

. . . . .

"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
[How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromachè! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!]
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastèd to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:
"O thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
"Andromachè! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,

Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That streamed at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

From the Greek of HOMER.
Translation of ALEXANDER POPE.

HECTOR TO HIS WIFE.

FROM THE ILIAD, BOOK VI.

[The following extract is given as showing a more modern style of translation. It embraces the bracketed portion of the foregoing from Pope's version.]

I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches
Both of the Trojan youths and the long-robed maidens of Troja,
If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof from the combat:
Nor would my spirit permit; for well I have learnt to be valiant,
Fighting aye 'mong the first of the Trojans marshalled in battle,
Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my own unattainted.
Well, too well, do I know,—both my mind and my spirit agreeing,—

That there will be a day when sacred Troja shall
perish.
Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam,
the spear-armed.
Still, I have not such care for the Trojans doomed
to destruction,
No, nor for Hecuba's self, nor for Priam, the mon-
arch, my father,
Nor for my brothers' fate, who, though they be
many and valiant,
All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of
Achaia,
As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailèd
Achæans
Weeping shall bear thee away, and bereave thee
forever of freedom.

Translation of E. C. HAWTREY.

TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I 'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven,—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;

They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
    The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste, and say
    Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
    Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
    And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear,—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
    Or dying wail!

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O God! I cannot bear this doubt
    That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
    Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees,

It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;
But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,
For all is well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts * the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill 's between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

* The points of the compass.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
  Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
  The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
  May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
  Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
  And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
  And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
  The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
  'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
  Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
  To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
  Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
  When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
  We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
  (The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
  The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,—
  My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
  O' scule-time, and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
  O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
  Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
  The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
  And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
  The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
  The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the woods,
  The burn sang to the trees,—
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
  Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
  For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trickled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
  As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
  Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
  I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way;

And channels deeper, as it rins,
  The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young
I 've never seen your face nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLIE?

O, saw ye bonnie Leslie
  As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
  And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
  And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie,
  Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Leslie,
  The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
  Or aught that wad belang thee;

He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
  And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
  Misfortune sha' na steer* thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely
  That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie,
  Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
  There 's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT IN THE TOWN.

O, WAD that my time were owre but,
  Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
  I' the bonnie birken shaw!
For this is no my ain life,
  And I peak and pine away
Wi' the thochts o' hame and the young flowers,
  In the glad green month of May.

I used to wauk in the morning
  Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
  As they gaed to their wark;
I used to wear the bit young lambs
  Frae the tod and the roaring stream;

* Harm.

But the warld is changed, and a' thing now
  To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me,
  On ilka lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
  I ken na ane I meet:
And I think o' kind kent faces,
  And o' blithe an' cheery days,
When I wandered out wi' our ain folk,
  Out owre the simmer braes.

Waes me, for my heart is breaking!
  I think o' my brither sma',
And on my sister greeting,
  When I cam frae hame awa.
And O, how my mither sobbit,
  As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
  To come to this stranger land.

There 's nae hame like our ain hame—
  O, I wush that I were there!
There 's nae hame like our ain hame
  To be met wi' onywhere;
And O that I were back again,
  To our farm and fields sae green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
  And were what I hae been!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
  That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
  Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
  Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
  Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
  Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
  Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
  To bring the hour that brings thee back more
    near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
  Until that blessèd time, and thou art here?

I 'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
  Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
  While thou, belovèd one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
  All heavenward flights, all high and holy
    strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
  Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
  A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
  More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
  A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
  And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT 's this dull town to me?
  Robin 's not near,—
He whom I wished to see,
  Wished for to hear;
Where 's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth,
O, they 're all fled with thee,
  Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
  Robin Adair:
What made the ball so fine?
  Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?

ABSENCE

O, it was parting with
    Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
    Robin Adair;
But now I never see
    Robin Adair;
Yet him I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
O, I can ne'er forget
    Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,
    Robin Adair!
Welcome once more again,
    Robin Adair!
I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
    Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
    Robin Adair;
Still I prayed for thee, love,
    Robin Adair;
When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
    Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,
    Robin Adair;

Never to part again,
    Robin Adair;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
    Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

DAISY.

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
  Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
  O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
  And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
  Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
  Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
  Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
  Breast-deep mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
  Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
  Nor knew her own sweet way;

But there 's never a bird, so sweet a song
  Thronged in whose throat that day!

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
  On the turf and on the sprays;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
  Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
  She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
  And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
  A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
  Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
  And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end:
  Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
  To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
  Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
  And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
  She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
  And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
  Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
  The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
  Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
  That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in others' pain,
  And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SONG OF EGLA.

Day, in melting purple dying;
Blossoms, all around me sighing;
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;
  Ye but waken my distress;
  I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;

Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,—
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are naught to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (*Maria del Occidente*).

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa',
  Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
  May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
  Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
  I used to meet thee there:
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
  And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
  I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
  That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
  I strove myself to hide.
I 'll doat on ilka spot
  Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
  By ilka burn and tree.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," ACT I. SC. I.

I AM undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

ABSENCE.

When I think on the happy days
  I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
  How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
  As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
  When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

THINKIN' LONG.

Oh thinkin' long 's the weary work!
It breaks my heart from dawn
Till all the wee, wee, friendly stars
Come out at dayli'gone.

An' thinkin' long 's the weary work,
When I must spin and spin,
To drive the fearsome fancies out,
An' hold the hopeful in!

Ah, sure my lad is far away!
My lad who left our glen
When from the soul of Ireland came
A call for fightin' men;
I miss his gray eyes glancin' bright,
I miss his liltin' song,
And that is why, the lonesome day,
I 'm always thinkin' long.

May God's kind angels guard him
When the fray is fierce and grim,
And blunt the point of every sword
That turns its hate on him,
Where round the torn yet dear green flag
The brave and lovin' throng—
But the lasses of Glenwherry smile
At me for thinkin' long.

ANNA MACMANUS (*Ethna Carbery*).

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,—
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love and wild with all regret,—
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I 'm lonely without thee,
Daytime and night-time, I 'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;

And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;—
O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love:
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,

With a song on your lip and a smile on your
cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary,—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

JOSEPH BRENAN.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without
thee:
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy
staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends,
though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee
here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow
stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!

How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that makes its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

NEGRO SONG.

THE sun shines bright on our old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn top 's ripe and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door,—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like the shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
  Far, far away,
Dere 's wha my heart is turning ebber,
  Dere 's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
  Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
  And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
  Ebery where I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
  Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
  When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
  Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
  Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
  Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
  One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
  No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
  All round de comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE PRESENT GOOD.

FROM "THE TASK," BOOK VI.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

WILLIAM COWPER.

III.

ADVERSITY.

MAN.

In his own image the Creator made,
  His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
  Thou breathing dial! since the day began
The present hour was ever marked with shade!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE WORLD.

The World 's a bubble, and the Life of Man
        Less than a span:
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
        So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
        With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppprest,
        What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
        To dandle fools:

The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where 's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:
Some would have children: those that have them, moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We are worse in peace;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

FRANCIS, LORD BACON.

MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

Moan, moan, ye dying gales!
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;

Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
  Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!
Autumn sears not like grief,
  Nor kills such lovely flowers;
More terrible the storm,
More mournful the deform,
  When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,
Silence, ye vocal choir,
  And thou, mellifluous lute,
For man soon breathes his last,
And all his hope is past,
  And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
And when the leaves are dying,
  And when the song is o'er,
O, let us think of those
Whose lives are lost in woes,
  Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
  The least delight:
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
  They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven: fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her;
There 's none can want where thou supply'st;
There 's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advisèd ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy regards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;

A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth,
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou
ly'st.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT II. SC. 7.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most frienship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WAIL OF PROMETHEUS BOUND.

FROM "PROMETHEUS."

O HOLY Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you,—
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
Behold, how fast around me
The new King of the happy ones sublime

WAIL OF PROMETHEUS BOUND

Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and
bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have fore-
known
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.
Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her
bound,
To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon ob-
tain—
Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.

Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings—
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

From the Greek of ÆSCHYLUS.
Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

O LOSS of sight, of thee I must complain!
Blind among enemies, O, worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of moon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

LINES.

[Written in the Tower, the night before his probably unjust execution for treason.]

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
  My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
  And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
  The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
  I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death and found it in the wombe,
  I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe,
  And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHEDIOCK TICHEBORNE.

HENCE, ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

FROM "THE NICE VALOUR," ACT III. SC. 3.

HENCE, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
  There 's naught in this life sweet,
  If man were wise to see 't
    But only melancholy,
    O, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

FROM "KING HENRY VIII.," ACT III. SC. 2.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

. . . . . .

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM "TALES OF THE HALL."

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.

I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,

Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[Written in the spring of 1819, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stainèd mouth,—
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
  Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
  But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
  White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
    Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
      And mid-May's eldest child,
  The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
    The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
  I have been half in love with easeful Death.
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
  To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
  To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
    While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
      In such an ecstasy!—
  Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
    To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
  No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
  In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
  Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
  She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
      The same that oft-times hath
  Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
    Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
  Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
      In the next valley-glades:
  Was it a vision or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

PERISHED.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

WAVE after wave of greenness rolling down
From mountain top to base, a whispering sea
Of affluent leaves through which the viewless breeze
Murmurs mysteriously.

And towering up amid the lesser throng,
A giant oak, so desolately grand,
Stretches its gray implóring arms to heaven
In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky,
Or bearing in its heart a slow decay,
What matter, since inexorable fate
Is pitiless to slay.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about,
Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head,
And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud,—
"Look on me, I am dead!"

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

"On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year."
—MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 23, 1824.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move:

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*,—and 't is not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece about us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake!—not Greece,—she is awake!
Awake my spirit! think through whom
Thy life-blood tastes its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
  Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
        Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth,—why live?
  The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
        Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
  A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
        And take thy rest!

LORD BYRON.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
        Frozen and dead
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
        O doubting heart!
    Far over purple seas
    They wait, in sunny ease,
    The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
        Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
        O doubting heart!

They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—

Alas for those that never sing,
  But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
  Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
  The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
  O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
  On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
  Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
  Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
  To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
  As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
  Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
    No more,—O nevermore!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more,—O nevermore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE?"

SPRING it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he 's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly,
O for its folly!
A dancing leg and a laughing eye!
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,—
What can an old man do but die?

Friends they are scanty,
Beggars are plenty,

If he has followers, I know why;
Gold 's in his clutches
(Buying him crutches!)—
What can an old man do but die?

THOMAS HOOD.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I 'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I 've told,
As many another woman that 's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I 've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;

For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I 'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I 'd have died for my daughters, I' d have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we 're old and gray,
I 've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they 'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe
or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now
my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a
word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife
from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant
smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o'
style;
But if I ever tried to be friends, I did with her, I
know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make
it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin'
things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost
made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rith-
metic.

So 't was only a few days before the thing was
done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another
one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big
enough for two.

An' I could never speak to suit her, never could
please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't
try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a
blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I
could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was
small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was
for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what
with child'rn three,
'T was easy to discover that there wasn't room
for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've
got,
For Thomas's buildings'd cover the half of an
acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand
their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin'
there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives
out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty
miles at best;
And one of 'em said 't was too warm there for any
one so old,

And t' other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I 've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good by!
Many a night I 've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

WILL CARLETON.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat;
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding;

Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;
  Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding;
        There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
  No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
  And the furrows all so mutely pleading
        Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
  Dapper country lads and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—
  Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—
        "Here 's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
  Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
I remember well, too well, that day!
  Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
        Would not stay
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
  O, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
  (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
        Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
  Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
  Then his eyes betrayed a pearl of sorrow,
    Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
  On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
  Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
    To the core:
I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
  E'en this old gray rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
  Ah that such a scene must be completed
    With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same;
  There 's the very step I so oft mounted;
There 's the window creaking in its frame,
  And the notches that I cut and counted
    For the game.
Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
  Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
  There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;
    Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
  Then were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
  And the wagon to pass safely under;
        Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There 's the orchard where we used to climb
  When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
  Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
        Past its prime!
There 's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails,
  Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
  In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
        Traps and trails!
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails.

"There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
  Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,
  Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
        Mary Jane!
There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There 's the gate on which I used to swing,
  Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
  That dear group around my father's table;
        Taken wing!
There 's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.
  Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
  When around it Jane and I were straying;
        She is dead!
I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
  Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim eye,
  Points me to seven that are now in glory
        There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
  Guided hither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
  Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
        Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;
  Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
  Those sweet voices silent now forever!
        Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blessed me with her hand
  When our souls drank in the nuptial blessings,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
  Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;
        Broken band!
There my Mary blessed me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;
Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And the melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LAST LEAF.

YA PEREZHIL SVOÏ ZHELANYA.

I 've overlived aspirings,
My fancies I disdain;
The fruit of hollow-heartedness,
Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate
With my crown of bay,
A sad and lonely life I lead,
Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold
While howls the wintry wind,
Trembles upon the naked bough
The last leaf left behind.

From the Russian of ALEKSANDER SERGYEVICH POUSHKIN.
Translation of JOHN POLLEN.

THE OLD VAGABOND.

HERE in the ditch my bones I 'll lay;
  Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
" He 's drunk," the passing crowd will say;
  'T is well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
  Some fling an alms in hurrying by;—
Haste,—'t is the village holyday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
  I die; for hunger slays not all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
  To fold within some hospital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
  Such numbers now in misery lie.
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er,
  I 've asked, " Instruct me in your trade."
" Begone!—our business is not more
  Than keeps ourselves,—go, beg!" they said.
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
  Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed;—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—
  No!—better still for alms to pray!

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER

At most, I 've plucked some apple, left
  To ripen near the public way,
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
  In the king's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had,—
Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
  What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
  The senate where your speakers shine?
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
  Saw strangers battening on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm,
  The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
  Due labor for the common weal!
Then, sheltered from the adverse wind,
  The worm and ant had learned to grow;
Ay,—then I might have loved my kind;—
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!

From the French of PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
  O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
  These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
  Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
  With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
  And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
  Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
  To seek a shelter in the humble shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,
  Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
  For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
  If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
  And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes,—why should we repine?
  'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see:

And your condition may be soon like mine,
  The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
  Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
  My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter,—once the comfort of my age!
  Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
  And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife,—sweet soother of my care!—
  Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell,—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
  And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
  Whose trembling limbs have born him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
  O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping
  Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,
  Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
  Till under their bite and their tread,
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley
  Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
  On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where, under the gloom of fire-woods,
  One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
  Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over
  The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
  And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
  Rose up to the throne of God:

"I am long past wailing and whining,
  I have wept too much in my life:
I 've had twenty years of pining
  As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,
  Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's
  For a few more brace of game.

"There 's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
  There 's blood on your pointer's feet;

There 's blood on the game you sell, squire,
  And there 's blood on the game you eat.

" You have sold the laboring man, squire,
  Both body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
  And to pay for the feed of your game.

" You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
  When you 'd give neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
  At our starving children's feet;

" When, packed in one reeking chamber,
  Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed,
  And the walls let in the day;

" When we lay in the burning fever,
  On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
  At the cursèd workhouse door.

" We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
  What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
  Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

" Our daughters, with base-born babies,
  Have wandered away in their shame;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
  Your misses might do the same.

"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking,
  With handfuls of coals and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
  A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
  And take to allotments and schools,
But you 've run up a debt that will never
  Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,
  In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
  Are eating your race away;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets
  You have cast your daughters' bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
  Your heir at your feet lies dead;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
  Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
  Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,
  And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
  Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
  Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
  On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,
  A pleasant sight to see;
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
  That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
  A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
  Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
  And spread its scaly store;
With trembling hands and pleading words,
  She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
  "We 're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways,—
  I 'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
  A weary sight to see;
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife,
  "They are dear fish to me!

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,
  And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband, and my three brave sons,
  Lay corpses on the shore.

"I 've been a wife for thirty years,
  A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again,—
  They are dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door,—
  What was 't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
  That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
  Her lightsome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart,—
  "They are dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
  And pity's gathering tear;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,
  Ye 're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
  Your weary lot to dree;
I 'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
  'They are dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
  To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
  How much their gold may buy,—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
  What woman's misery,—
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:
  "They are dear fish to me!"

ANONYMOUS.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,—
  Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
  Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,—
  Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
  My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,—
  A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
  Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
  And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
  But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,—
  How could I look to you
For bread to give to your starving boy,
  When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
  And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
  As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,—
  The Queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
  A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
  As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
  And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,—
  What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
  Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,—
  The great men and the high,—
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
  Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
  Dying of want and cold,
While only across the Channel, mother,
  Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
  With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
  Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
  Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
  My father when *he* died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
  My breath is almost gone;

Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
  O men with mothers and wives!
It is no linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
    Stitch! stitch! stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
  A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,—
  That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own,—
It seems so like my own
  Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work
  From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,—

THOMAS HOOD

Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work
  In the dull December light!
And work—work—work—
  When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the Spring.

"O, but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
  And the walk that costs a meal!

"O but for one short hour,—
  A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings;
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none,
He has left not a gap in the world, now he 's gone,—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach!
He 's taking a drive in his carriage at last!
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you 're laid low,
You 've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he 's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,—
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of
feet
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snows,—but I fell:
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:
Fell,to be tramped as the filth of the street:
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow:
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,

God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that 's pure but the beautiful
snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes
again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JAMES W. WATSON.

LONDON CHURCHES.

I STOOD, one Sunday morning,
Before a large church door,
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score,—
From one out stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;

The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,—
But above the cross there glistened
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide,—
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array,—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,

Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,

She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black floating river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly!
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,

Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In feature too old for a child.
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is—?" "Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary—" And then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply;
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow the times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered
(Little Johnnie 's but four years old).
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;

I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
  The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
  Graybeard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
  That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
  Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from the old faded wallets
  Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
  The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
  Something about the *law.*
For one so learned in such matters,
  So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a simple question
  Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,
  When at last these words they heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
  Is for the present deferred."
And no one blamed him, or wondered,
  When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
  Himself, the "guilty" child.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

She shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude:
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—
She still was young, and she had been fair;
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colors of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam,
Far from her country, far from her home;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep!
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,—
To live forsaken, to die forgot!
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,

And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone,—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!—
"I had last night the loveliest dream:
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come;
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet
home.
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since
fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the Northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by Memory's pall!
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him." . . .

Next day
Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The heavy gale swept over the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave,—
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

HOPELESS GRIEF.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless,—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upwards to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IV.

COMFORT AND CHEER.

TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

* From the German of PAUL FLEMING.
Translation of CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again;
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SONNET.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot:

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or stars, throughout the year,
  Or man or woman, yet I argue not
  Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
    vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead,—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—

With that sadness of heart which no stranger may
scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side!
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and
strife,
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and
folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,—
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest
graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild
vine;

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan,—
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread,—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,—

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.*

THE tattoo beats,—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
O, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—

* Written in the year 1846, in Mexico, the author being at that time Colonel of the 1st Regiment Georgia Volunteers.

To mother, wife,—the doubly dear,
  In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
  And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,
  O, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by thy behest alone
  Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
  No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
  Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern commands
  The battle 's lost, the soldier 's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
  Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
  Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
  The brightened current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
  Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate these forms may show,
  Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
  By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
  O God, protect my wife and child!

HENRY R. JACKSON.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the eye
That smarted for a day;
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendors of the sky
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door
That promises release;
No solitude so drear but yields its store
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun
With love and power untold;
No time so dark but through its woof there run
Some blessèd threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries burn
In changing calm and strife
The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn,—
The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence divine!
What self-adjusting springs
Of law and life, what even scales, are thine,
What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys, that flit like birds away,
When chilling autumn blows,
But come again, long ere the buds of May
Their rosy lips unclose!

What wondrous play of mood and accident
Through shifting days and years;
What fresh returns of vigor overspent
In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience and of thought
When doubts and forms oppress;
What vistas opening to the gates we sought
Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells, where self-involved,
Like chrysalids, we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries unsolved
Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine! we need no fuller test
That all is ordered well;
We know enough to trust that all is best
Where love and wisdom dwell.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;

The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," he said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,—
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to *see,*
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed,—and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,—
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—

The only one, of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That he who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I 'll trust it 's best,—because he knows the end.

HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

SOMETHING BEYOND.

SOMETHING beyond! though now, with joy unfound,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! In the fair beyond
Thou 'lt understand.

Thou 'lt understand why our most royal hours
Couch sorrowful slaves bound by low nature's greed;
Why the celestial soul 's a minion made
To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete,
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole,
For yon rare regions, where the perfect meet,
Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect! Far and fair it lies;
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
No partial insights, no averted eyes,
No loves unmeet.

Something beyond! Light for our clouded eyes!
In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beams,
Our best waits masked, few pierce the soul's disguise;
How sad it seems!

Something beyond! Ah, if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief To-day;
Earthward we 'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night; clear shines her precious brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Brightens the Now.

MARY CLEMMER AMES HUDSON.

DESPONDENCY REBUKED.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,

The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

GOD'S SURE HELP IN SORROW.

LEAVE all to God,
Forsaken one, and stay thy tears;
  For the Highest knows thy pain,
Sees thy sufferings and thy fears;
  Thou shalt not wait his help in vain;
    Leave all to God!

Be still and trust!
For his strokes are strokes of love,
  Thou must for thy profit bear;

He thy filial fear would move,
  Trust thy Father's loving care,
    Be still and trust!

    Know, God is near!
Though thou think him far away,
  Though his mercy long have slept,
He will come and not delay,
  When his child enough hath wept,
    For God is near!

    Oh, teach him not
When and how to hear thy prayers;
  Never doth our God forget;
He the cross who longest bears
  Finds his sorrows' bounds are set;
    Then teach him not!

    If thou love him,
Walking truly in his ways,
  Then no trouble, cross, or death
E'er shall silence faith and praise;
  All things serve thee here beneath,
    If thou love God.

From the German of
ANTON ULRICH, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, 1667.
Translation of CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

SONNET.

WHILE yet these tears have power to flow
  For hours for ever past away;
While yet these swelling sighs allow
  My faltering voice to breathe a lay;

While yet my hand can touch the chords,
My tender lute, to wake thy tone;
While yet my mind no thought affords,
But one remembered dream alone,
I ask not death, whate'er my state:
But when my eyes can weep no more,
My voice is lost, my hand untrue,
And when my spirit's fire is o'er,
Nor can express the love it knew,
Come, Death, and cast thy shadows o'er my fate!

From the French of LOUISE LABÉ.
Translation of LOUISE STUART COSTELLO.

WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

AUNT PHILLIS'S GUEST.

ST. HELENA ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1863.

I was young and "Harry" was strong,
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,—
When a picture flashed, and I dropped the rein.

A black sea-creek, with snaky run
Slipping through low green leagues of sedge,
An ebbing tide, and a setting sun;
A hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent and her wool was gray;
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away,—
The Freedom had come to the last of a race!

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
And praised the Lord, if "the pain" passed by;
From the earthen floor the smoke curled out
Through shingles patched with the bright blue
sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"
I asked, and pitied the gray old head;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
"Me and Jesus, Massa," she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before;
The air was full of a music low,
And the Guest Divine stood at the door!

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,
And shown himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The grovelling want and the darkened mind,—
I looked on this; but the Lord, within:
I would what he saw was in me to find!

A childlike soul, whose faith had force
To see what the angels see in bliss:
She lived, and the Lord lived; so, of course,
They lived together,—she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As something to pity, so poor and low,

Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that life was done:
A few more days of the hut's unrest,
A little while longer to sit in the sun,—
Then—He would be host, and she would be guest!

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day
To ask, "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, does it seem?
And things are not as Aunt Phillises dream?

Friend, surely so!
For this I know,—
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That his commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed;
That his face in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes, wi' a calm and tranquil mind,

Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e
faith and ye 'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles
nae doubt ye 've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart or tears flow
frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there 's good in
store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and
cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and
dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure
spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel
owre proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
poortith's ee,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na
whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

UNCHANGING.

In early days methought that all must last;
Then I beheld all changing, dying, fleeting;

But though my soul now grieves for much that 's past,
And changeful fortunes set my heart oft beating,
I yet believe in mind that all will last,
Because the old in new I still am meeting.

From the German of
FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT.

I HOLD STILL.

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,—
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;

Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in him, and suffer still.

From the German of JULIUS STURM.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits.
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear Friend; renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword has slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures,—love, and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

SOMEWHERE, out on the blue seas sailing,
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she 'll win;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in.
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,

Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she 's coming in;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she 's coming in;
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in;
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she 's sailing in;
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

NEVER DESPAIR.*

NEVER despair! Let the feeble in spirit
Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast.
Droop not in peril! 'T is manhood's true merit
Nobly to struggle and hope to the last.

* These lines were sent to me by William Smith O'Brien, the evening of Monday, October 8, 1848, the day on which sentence of death was passed upon him.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

October 12, 1848.

When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken
  Faint sinks the heart of the feeble with fear,
Stand like the oak of the forest—unshaken,
  Never despair—Boys—oh! never despair.

Never despair! Though adversity rages,
  Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,
Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages,
  Stem the rude torrent till danger is o'er.
Fate with its whirlwind our joys may all sever,
  True to ourselves, we have nothing to fear.
Be this our hope and our anchor for ever—
  Never despair—Boys—oh! never despair.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

THE SADDEST FATE.

To touch a broken lute,
  To strike a jangled string,
To strive with tones forever mute
  The dear old tunes to sing—
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, never to sing at all.

To sigh for pleasures flown,
  To weep for withered flowers,
To count the blessings we have known,
  Lost with the vanished hours—
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, ne'er to have known them all.

To dream of love and rest,
  To know the dream has past,

To bear within an aching breast
Only a void at last—
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, ne'er to have loved at all.

To trust an unknown good,
To hope, but all in vain,
Over a far-off bliss to brood,
Only to find it pain—
What sadder fate could any soul befall?
Alas! dear child, never to hope at all.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG OF THE SAVOYARDS.

FAR poured past Broadway's lamps alight
The tumult of her motley throng,
When high and clear upon the night
Rose an inspiring song,
And rang above the city's din
To sound of harp and violin;
A simple but a manly strain,
And ending with the brave refrain—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

And now where rose that song of cheer,
Both old and young stood still for joy;
Or from the windows hung to hear
The children of Savoy:
And many an eye with rapture glowed,
And saddest hearts forgot their load,
And feeble souls grew strong again,
So stirring was the brave refrain—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Alone, with only silence there,
  Awaiting his life's welcome close,
A sick man lay, when on the air
  That clarion arose;
So sweet the thrilling cadence rang,
It seemed to him an angel sang,
  And sang to him; and he would fain
  Have died upon that heavenly strain—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

A sorrow-stricken man and wife,
  With nothing left them but to pray,
Heard streaming over their sad life
  That grand, heroic lay:
And through the mist of happy tears
They saw the promise-laden years;
  And in their joy they sang again,
  And carolled high the fond refrain—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Two artists, in the cloud of gloom
  Which hung upon their hopes deferred,
Resounding through their garret-room
  That noble chanson heard;
And as the night before the day
Their weak misgivings fled away;
  And with the burden of the strain
  They made their studio ring again—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Two poets, who in patience wrought
  The glory of an aftertime,—
Lords of an age which knew them not,
  Heard rise that lofty rhyme;

And on their hearts it fell, as falls
The sunshine upon prison-walls;
  And one caught up the magic strain
  And to the other sang again—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

And unto one, who, tired of breath,
  And day and night and name and fame,
Held to his lips a glass of death,
  That song a savior came;
Beseeching him from his despair,
As with the passion of a prayer;
  And kindling in his heart and brain
  The valor of its blest refrain—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

O thou, with earthly ills beset,
  Call to thy lips those words of joy,
And never in thy life forget
  The brave song of Savoy!
For those dear words may have the power
To cheer thee in thy darkest hour;
  The memory of that loved refrain
  Bring gladness to thy heart again!—
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

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V.

DEATH AND BEREAVEMENT.

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie,
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 1.

HAMLET.—To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die, to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pains of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIC VITA.*

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past,—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

[These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.]

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;

* Claimed for Francis Beaumont by some authorities.

There is no armor against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds:
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

VIRTUE IMMORTAL.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
  For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And all must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,

Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,—
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended.
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan 's near death,—man's life is done!

SIMON WASTELL.

MORTALITY.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too
would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would
cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, ay! they died! and we things that are
now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea! hope and despondence, and pleasure and
pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a
breath,

From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day of grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE TERM OF DEATH.

BETWEEN the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath;
The bird's forsaken nest and her new song
(And this is all the time there is for Death);
The worm and butterfly—it is not long!

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Apalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away;
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

LORD BYRON.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

["In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, the nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace that settles
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it
again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who
leave us go,
Nor why we 're left to wonder still, nor why we
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
should come this day—
Should come and ask us, " What is life? " not
one of us could say.
Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, O, how dear it is to us, this life we live and
see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessèd is the thought,
" So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may
show you nought;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of
death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-
edge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little chil-
dren sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
  Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:—
"This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear:
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death"?

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor 's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace:"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears:"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear
these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE GRAVE OF SOPHOCLES.

TENDERLY, ivy, on Sophocles' grave—right tenderly—twine
Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.
Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the clustering vine
Pour out its branches around, wet with their glistering sheen.
All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to combine;
Priest of the gay and profound, sweetest of singers terrene.

From the Greek of SIMMIAS.
Translation of WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!

Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

[Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.]*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

* Removed by the author from the original poem.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tryant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
  With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;

Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
  The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
  And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
  Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
  Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
  In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
  Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
  In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
  With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
  And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
  This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air;
Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways, and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
But in its kind and supplicating grace,
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity:
To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
One tribute more to this submissive ground;—
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride:

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear,—
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

Four straight brick walls, severely plain,
  A quiet city square surround;
A level space of nameless graves,—
  The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,
  They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
  And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
  With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
  To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,
  With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's loveliness they took
  The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,
  Glad rings the southward robin's glee,
And sparrows fill the autumn air
  With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray
  The red and gold of autumn lie,
And wilful Nature decks the sod
  In gentlest mockery.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
  Who once were weary of the strife,
And bent, like us, beneath the load
    Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
  And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
    They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,
  From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
    To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
  Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
    And heavenly light!

CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

THE DEAD.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—

Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.
Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATHILDE BLIND.

ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

HERE let us leave him; for his shroud the snow,
  For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
  Between the heights to heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,
  High in the stainless eminence of air;
The next, he was not, to his fatherland
  Translated unaware.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
  Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
  A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
  Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
  To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she
  Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
  Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee,
  On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
  Upon the stony way?

"I 'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
  And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
  The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said, "that may not be;
  What 's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
  I take my portioned share."

"But you have two, and I have none;
  One burden give to me;
I 'll take that bundle from thy back
  That heavier seems to be.

"No, no!" she said; "*this,* if you will,
  That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean
  'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
  Within that precious load,

Which thou dost bear with such fine care
  Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
  From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps, as prudent maidens wont,
  Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
  She gave a mournful wave:
"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
  Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept
  By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
  Was dropped upon the heather.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE OLD SEXTON.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in: I gather them in.

"I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,

I 've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one:
But come they strangers or come they kin—
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"Many are with me, but still I 'm alone,
I 'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold:
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin—
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in earth's dark breast!"
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain!
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head
  The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath
  So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
  That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
  And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
  We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem,—
  For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
  To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
  And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
  Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
  Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
  Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
  Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
  Even as cómes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
  To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
  The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
  Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
  That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
  Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
  Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
  Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
  Will soon be coming round,—
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
  Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
  Renew again their birth,

But the glory of our morning
  Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes
  Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
  Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A WIDOW—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
  But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
  The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite—ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained,
  Though friends were fewer:
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
  Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resigned and cheerful, she
  Has sorrowed much:

She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and carefully laid by,
The little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day, when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open door-way
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They 're all home long ago;"—
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the better land.

At home, where never a sorrow
  Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
  Through all the summer years!
I know,—yet my arms are empty,
  That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
  Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
  I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
  A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
  Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
  Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
  I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
  The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
  Twin brothers bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
  Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
  Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
  All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
  But I smile at idle fears;

He is only back with the children,
  In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset
  Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
  Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
  "Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
  "Yes, dear! they are all at home."

MARGARET E. M. SANGSTER.

JIM'S KIDS.

JIM was a fisherman, up on the hill,
  Over the beach lived he and his wife,
In a little house—you can see it still—
  An' their two fair boys; upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
  In spite of their antics an' tricks an' noise,
  Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea,
  Just as the rest of us fishermen did,
An' when he come back at night thar 'd be,
  Up to his knees in the surf, each kid,
A beck'nin' and cheerin' to fisherman Jim;
  He 'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar
  Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came a sailin' home
  And the little kids weren't on the sands;

Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
  And a tremblin' took hold o' his knees and hands,
And he learnt the worst up on the hill,
  In the little house, an' he bowed his head;
  "The fever," they said.

'T was an awful time for fisherman Jim,
  With them darlin's a dyin' afore his eyes,
They kep' a callin' an' beck'nin' him,
  For they kinder wandered in mind. Their cries
Were about the waves and fisherman Jim
  And the little boat a sailin' for shore
  Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,
  And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came,
But he never smiled and his heart seemed gone,
  And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were buried there,
  Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,
  Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to haste
  To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I hadn't no time to waste,
  For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick
An' he seemed to be wand'rin' and crazy like,
  An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see,
  An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me,
  "It 's my last, last cruise, you understand,

I 'm sailin' a dark and dreadful sea,
  But off on the further shore, on the sand,
Are the kids, who 's a beck'nin' and callin' my name
  Jess as they did, oh, mate, you know,
  In the long ago."

No, sir! he wasn't afeard to die,
  For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
  And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;
An' just as the mornin' sun came up,
  "They 're a holdin' me by the hands," he cried,
  And so he died.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year,—
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline;

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands gay;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he 's dying all for love,—but that can never be;

They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what
is that to me?
There 's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to
be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made
the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from
far away;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to
be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its
wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
swamps and hollows gray;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to
be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
livelong day;
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to
be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you 're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see,—
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set,—he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;

And the new-year 's coming up, mother; but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day,—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There 's not a flower on all the hills,—the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building-rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,—
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me now;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother—you have another child.

If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;

Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look
upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm
far away.

Good night! good night! when I have said good
night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of
the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green,—
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have
been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary
floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never
garden more.
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rosebush
that I set
About the parlor window and the box of mignon-
onette.

Good night, sweet-mother! Call me before the day
is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn.
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new
year,—
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early,
mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all around I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessèd sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair,
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!

O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,—
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call,—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both,—and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed;
And then did something speak to me,—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them,—it's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars;
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I know
The blessèd music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There 's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine,—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun,—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true,—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessèd home,—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come,—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ON ANNE ALLEN.

THE wind blew keenly from the Western sea,
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Heaping them up before her Father's door
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

She went abroad the falling leaves among,
She saw the merry season fade, and sung—
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—
Freely she wandered in the leafless wood,
And said that all was fresh, and fair, and good—
She knew thee not, O Death.

She bound her shining hair across her brow,
She went into the garden fading now;
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—
And if one sighed to think that it was sere,
She smiled to think that it would bloom next year!
She feared thee not, O Death.

Blooming she came back to the cheerful room
With all the fairer flowers yet in bloom—
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—
A fragrant knot for each of us she tied,
And placed the fairest at her Father's side—
She cannot charm thee, Death.

Her pleasant smile spread sunshine upon all;
We heard her sweet clear laughter in the Hall—
  Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—
We heard her sometimes after evening prayer,
As she went singing softly up the stair—
  No voice can charm thee, Death.

Where is the pleasant smile, the laughter kind,
That made sweet music of the winter wind?
  Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—
Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her Father's face—
  She is with thee, O Death.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

SONNET.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. WATTS'S PICTURE OF LOVE AND DEATH.)

YEA, Love is strong as life; he casts out fear,
And wrath, and hate, and all our envious foes;
He stands upon the threshold, quick to close
The gate of happiness ere should appear
Death's dreaded presence—ay, but Death draws near,
And large and gray the towering outline grows,
Whose face is veiled and hid; and yet Love knows
Full well, too well, alas! that Death is here.
Death tramples on the roses; Death comes in,
Though Love, with outstretched arms and wings outspread,

LOVE AND DEATH

Would bar the way—poor Love, whose wings begin
To droop, half-torn as are the roses dead
Already at his feet—but Death must win,
And Love grows faint beneath that ponderous tread!

LADY LINDSAY.

JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

THE bier descends, the spotless roses too,
The father's tribute in his saddest hour:
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy due,—
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,
Where mourning, grief, and agony have power,—
Where winds destroy, and suns malignant reign,—
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;
They both have perished in their morning glow,—
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower,
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail,
O fair young girl and flower!

From the French of
FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day;
  Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
  In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
  Illumed the eastern skies,

She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample Spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"THE UNILLUMINED VERGE."

TO A FRIEND DYING.

THEY tell you that Death 's at the turn of the road,
That under the shade of a cypress you 'll find him,
And, struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,
And we 'll talk of the way we have come through the valley;
Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the slave—
"Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his rowing!
Yet it 's joyful to live, and it 's hard to be brave
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight is going."

We are almost there — our last walk on this height—
I must bid you good-bye at that cross on the mountain.
See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a fountain!

And it shines in your face and illumines your soul;
We are comrades as ever, right here at your going;
You may rest if you will within sight of the goal,
While I must return to my oar and the rowing.

We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a friend;
I will keep you in sight till the road makes its turning
Just over the ridge within reach of the end
Of your arduous toil,—the beginning of learning.

You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,
"Au revoir!" and "Good night!" while the twilight is creeping
Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?
Yes, I hear your faint voice: "This is rest, and like sleeping!"

ROBERT BRIDGES (*Droch*).

CORONACH.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO III.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
  From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and forever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
  Little has yet been changed, I think;

The shutters are shut,—no light may pass
  Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,—
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
  And now was quiet, now astir,—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
  What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow-mortals,—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
  Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
  Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
  When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth,—in the years long still,—
  That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red,—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me,—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
  My heart seemed full as it could hold,—
There was place and to spare for the frank young
    smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young
    gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
  See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden lived, whom you may know
  By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
    love,
  I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
  My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
  In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
  In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we,
  Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
  In her sepulchre there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
  When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
  When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow stream!
  Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
  Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
  To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
  To 'squire me to his father's towers;

He promised me a wedding-ring,—
  The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
  Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
  My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
  That I should nevermore behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
  It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
  And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked
  With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
  The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
  They sought him all the forest thorough,
They only saw the cloud of night,
  They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
  Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
  Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
  And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
  He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
  No other youth shall be my marrow;

I 'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I 'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

FAREWELL,—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-grove the young and the old,

The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing-hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she 'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They 'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day,—
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies,—sweet love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, forevermore,—
Forever—evermore—

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

She died in beauty,—like a rose
  Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty,—like a pearl
  Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty,—like a lay
  Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty,—like the song
  Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty,—like the snow
  On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty,—like a star
  Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory,—like night's gems
  Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory,—like the sun
  Amid the blue of June.

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

FROM "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA."

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadows of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,

Of that ne'er forgotten Summer.
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,

Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
  Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
  And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
  Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
  With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,

Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessèd.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you,
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessèd,

To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN,—AFTER NEWS FROM GAËTA. 1861.

Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaëta.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What art 's for a woman! To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat

Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country," I taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street

With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere-long:
And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaëta:—
"Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother;
not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me.
What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with
heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of
woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled
so
The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst
through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes
turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that 's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always
keep one.
'T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And when Italy 's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her
sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy 's there,—with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!

Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN

FROM "CYMBELINE," ACT IV. SC. 2.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
  The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
  Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfald her robes
  And there she langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
  O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
  How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade
  I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
  Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
  Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
  Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
  We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
  That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
  That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips
  I aft hae kissed sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
  That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
  That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
  Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
  On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
  On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
  On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
  For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I 'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
    Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
    Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
    On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
    On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
    Since my Love died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

OH THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE.

FROM "MAUD."

Oh that 't were possible,
    After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
    Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
  In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
  We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
  Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
  Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
  For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
  What and where they be!

It leads me forth at evening,
  It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
  When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
  And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
  Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
  In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
  For the meeting of the morrow,
  The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
  And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
  To the turrets and the walls;

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet:
  She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings.
In a moment we shall meet;
  She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
  Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
  My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry—
  There is some one dying or dead;
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
  For a tumult shakes the city,
  And I wake—my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
  Without knowledge, without pity,
  By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold!

Get thee hence, nor come again!
  Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
  Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise; the eave-drops fall,
  And the yellow vapors choke

The great city sounding wide;
The day comes—a dull red ball
  Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
  I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud
  The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
  My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
  That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
  At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
  Of the old manorial hall!

Would the happy spirit descend
  From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
  As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
  Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
  To the regions of thy rest?"

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
  And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,

And the faces that one meets,
  Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
  My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

TOO LATE.

"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
  I 'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
  My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
  Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
  I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;

As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

AFTER SUMMER.

We 'll not weep for summer over,—
No, not we:
Strew above his head the clover,—
Let him be!

Other eyes may weep his dying,
Shed their tears
There upon him, where he 's lying
With his peers.

Unto some of them he proffered
Gifts most sweet;
For our hearts a grave he offered,—
Was this meet?

All our fond hopes, praying, perished
In his wrath,—
All the lovely dreams we cherished
Strewed his path.

Shall we in our tombs, I wonder,
Far apart,
Sundered wide as seas can sunder
Heart from heart,

Dream at all of all the sorrows
That were ours,—

Bitter nights, more bitter morrows;
Poison-flowers

Summer gathered, as in madness,
Saying, "See,
These are yours, in place of gladness,—
Gifts from me"?

Nay, the rest that will be ours
Is supreme,
And below the poppy flowers
Steals no dream.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LAMENT FOR HELIODORE.

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead,
Love do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring
Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and go, lament,
Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
Down through the gloom!

Ah, for my flower, my love,
Hades hath taken!
Ah, for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!

From the Greek of MELEAGER.
Translation of ANDREW LANG.

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, FRANCIS I.

'T is done! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends:

Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last!

From the French of
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.
Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Written in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

O SING unto my roundelay!
  O, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
  Like a running river be.
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
  White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
  Cold he lies in the grave below.
    My love is dead, etc.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
  Quick in dance as thought can be;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
  O, he lies by the willow-tree!
    My love is dead, etc.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
  In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
  To the nightmares as they go.
    My love is dead, etc.

See! the white moon shines on high;
  Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
  Whiter than the evening cloud.
    My love is dead, etc.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
  Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
  All the coldness of a maid.
    My love is dead, etc.

With my hands I 'll bind the briers
  Round his holy corse to gre;
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;
  Here my body still shall be.
    My love is dead, etc.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
  Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
  Dance by night, or feast by day.
    My love is dead, etc.

[illegible] OF SORROW.

[illegible] crowned with reytes,
[illegible] ethal tide.
[illegible] waits. . . .
[illegible] and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[illegible]E.

[illegible]
[illegible] and ever.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] friends come [illegible] me.
[illegible] course before me.

[illegible] to friend.
[illegible] can blend?
[illegible] hours of yore;
[illegible] once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND.
Translation of SARAH TAYLOR AUSTIN.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
  When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
  The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
  You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest—

For I 've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends:
But, oh, they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
  My blessin' and my pride!
There 's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
  And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
  When your heart was fit to break,—
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
  And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
  When your heart was sad and sore,—
O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more!

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
  My Mary—kind and true!

But I 'll not forget you, darling,
  In the land I 'm goin' to;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
  And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
  Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
  I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
  To the place where Mary lies;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
  Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
  When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Home they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
  "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee,—
Like summer tempest came her tears,
  "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
  (Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
  (O, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
  And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
  (Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
  (O, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
  For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward
gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT I. SC. 2.

QUEEN.—Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, forever, with thy veilèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
HAMLET.—Ay, madam, it is common.
QUEEN.— If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
HAMLET.—Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

[ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, OB. 1833.]

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
  To put in words the grief I feel:
  For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
  A use in measured language lies;
  The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I 'll wrap me o'er,
  Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
  But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
  Sailest the placid ocean-plains
  With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
  In vain; a favorable speed
  Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
  Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
  As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
  Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
  Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
  Till all my widowed race be run;
  Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

THE PEACE OF SORROW.

XI.

Calm is the morn without a sound,
  Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
  And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
  And on these dews that drench the furze,
  And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
  That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
  And crowded farms, and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
  These leaves that redden to the fall;
  And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
  And waves that sway themselves in rest,
  And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

XLII.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
  And every spirit's folded bloom
  Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
  Bare of the body, might it last,
  And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
  So that still garden of the souls
  In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
  As when he loved me here in Time,
  And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

XLVI.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
  Should move his rounds, and fusing all
  The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
  Eternal form shall still divide
  The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
  Enjoying each the other's good:
  What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
  Before the spirits fade away,
  Some landing-place to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

XCIII.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
  With what divine affections bold,
  Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
  The spirits from their golden day,

Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

L.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

LXXII.

So many worlds, so much to do,
  So little done, such things to be,
  How know I what had need of thee?
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
  The head hath missed an earthly wreath:
  I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
  Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
  What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
  Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
  And self-enfolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

LXXVI.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
  To him who turns a musing eye
  On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
  May bind a book, may line a box,
  May serve to curl a maiden's locks:
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

APRÈS.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one,
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me,
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one,
Warbling so fairily close to my ear;
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting me,
This that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one,
Wailing so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that might light to me
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one!
Is she not like her whenever she stirs?

Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honeyed like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one,
Though her white bosom is stilled in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared
to me,—
Something to cling to and something to crave.

Love, love, Ellen, my little one!
Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Love through all deeps of her spirit lies bared
to me,
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childbed at the age of twenty-two.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave:
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enluminèd her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
  Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
  The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
  Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
  Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
  When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
  So virtuous deemed by all,—
  That in herself was so complete
  I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
  And with his saints to reign,
Whom while on earth each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
  All soon or late in death shall sleep;
  Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

From the French of CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
  To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard
Each little treasure time has stored,
  To tell of happy hours!
We lay aside with tender care
A tattered book, a lock of hair,
  A bunch of faded flowers.

When death has led with silent hand
Our darlings to the "Silent Land,"
Awhile we sit bereft;
But time goes on; anon we rise,
Our dead are buried from our eyes,
We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sang,
The little flute whose music rang
So cheerily of old;
The pictures we had watched them paint,
The last plucked flower, with odor faint,
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverent care
The robes they living used to wear;
And painful pulses stir
As o'er the relics of our dead,
With bitter rain of tears, we spread
Pale purple lavender.

And when we come in after years,
With only tender April tears
On cheeks once white with care,
To look on treasures put away
Despairing on that far-off day,
A subtile scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gather them,
These fragrant flowers; now every stem
Is bare of all its bloom:
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here
To lend our relics, sacred, dear,
Their beautiful perfume.

The scent abides on book and lute,
On curl and flower, and with its mute
But eloquent appeal
It wins from us a deeper sob
For our lost dead, a sharper throb
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the "long ago;"
Its love, its loss, its aching woe,
And buried sorrows stir;
And tears like those we shed of old
Roll down our cheeks as we behold
Our faded lavender.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

TO THE HAPPY DEAD PEOPLE.

WHAT of the darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms? and find we silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some strange faith our faces never dare,—
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere—
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call—
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass—
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

VAN ELSEN.

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;
He spake by sickness first and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child;
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And, kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOMED.

[THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.]

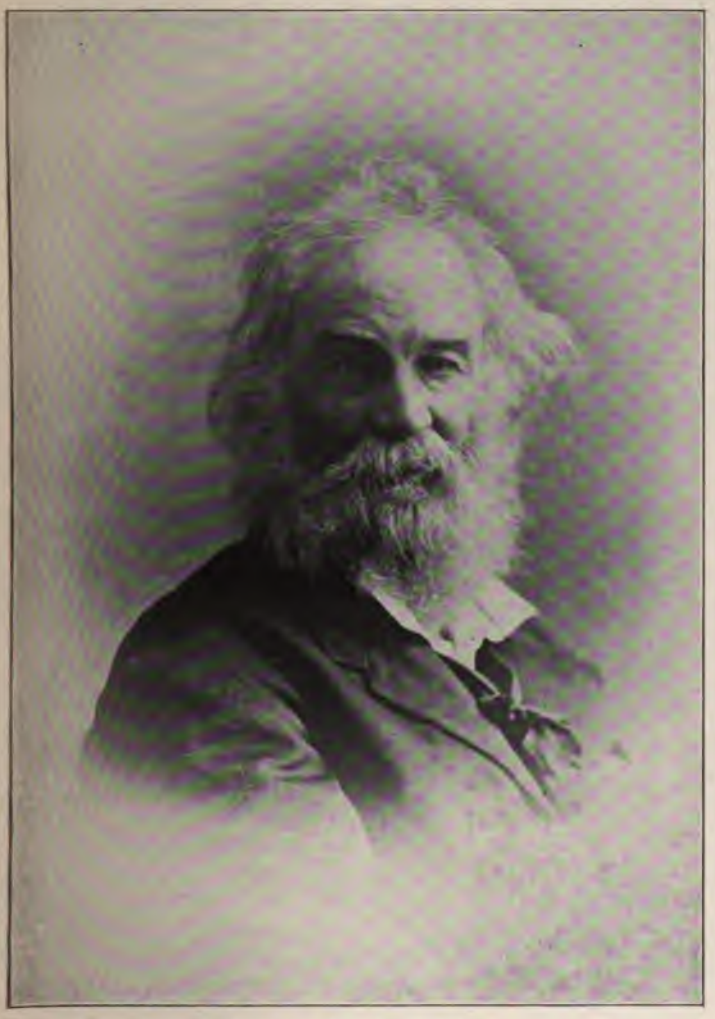
1.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilacs blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!



WALT WHITMAN

3.

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near the whitewashed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle;—and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.—

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

5.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peeped from the ground, spotting the gray débris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting dépôt, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,

Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7.

(Nor for you, for one alone,—
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring;
For, fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

8.

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walked,
As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all looked on),
As we wandered together the solemn night (for something, I know not what, kept me from sleep),

As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of
the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in
the cool transparent night,
As I watched where you passed and was lost in
the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as
where you, sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9.

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes,
I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you;
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has
detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains
me.

10.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there
I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet
soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of
him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the
Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I 'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?
Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12.

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading, bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13.

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird!
Sing from the swamps, the recesses; pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14.

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the storms),
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee, I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night—

The night in silence under many a star.
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

15.

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night,

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them;
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,—

They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not:
The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffered,
And the armies that remained suffered.

16.

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe.
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

WALT WHITMAN.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,

Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BELLE E. SMITH.

AWAKENING.

Down to the borders of the silent land
He goes with halting feet;
He dares not trust; he cannot understand
The blessedness complete
That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.

He dreads to see God's face, for though the pure
Beholding him are blest,
Yet in his sight no evil can endure;
And still with fear oppressed
He looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"

The world beyond is strange; the golden streets,
The palaces so fair,
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
The glory everywhere,—
And to his soul he solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,
"That world is all too grand;
Among those splendors and those majesties
I would not dare to stand;
For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"

Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood
Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;
Sure, dying must be gain
To one who living hath done what he could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
The weary race is run;
Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,
But as the fainting one,
He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees
The happy, happy shore;

O fearful, and faint, distrustful soul, are these
The things thou fearedst before—
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
And winds and songs of birds,
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.

The seraphs—they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes—but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory—such as shines
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

And he, O doubting child! the Lord of grace
Whom thou didst fear to see—
He knows thy sin—but look upon his face!
Doth it not shine on thee
With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land;
And God is love; and those he loves are blest;—
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair;
Before thy feet the blessèd journey lies
Through homelands everywhere;
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! etc.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I 'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it 's thaw, Jean;
I 'm wearing awa',
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There 's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task 's ended noo, Jean,
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal!
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We 'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,

Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,
  'T was his own that struck the blow:
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.

They are coming—quick, my falchion!
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
  Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
  For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
  Than I do, where it can be found!
This shrivelled lump of suffering clay,
  To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
  To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
  Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
  Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
  For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
  Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;

I shall be free when thou art through;
  I grudge thee naught that thou must take!

Stay! I have lied: I grudge thee one,
  Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—
Two members which have faithful done
  My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine;
  I grudge thee this quick-beating heart;
They never gave me coward sign,
  Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
  Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
  Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state:

The symbol, sign, and instrument
  Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
  Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand!
  O fragile, dauntless human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
  With such sublime, transcendent art!

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
  Poor little hand, so feeble now;
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
  Its veins so pallid and so slow—

(*Unfinished here.*)

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art:
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is—take hand and heart:
There must be somewhere work to do.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Her last poem: 7 August, 1885.

FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odor grows,—
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold,—
I smell the rose above the mold!

THOMAS HOOD.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis,—
  The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
  Is over at last,—
And the fever called "Living"
  Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
  I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
  As I lie at full length,—
But no matter!—I feel
  I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
  Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
  Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
  Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
  The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
  With that horrible throbbing
At heart,—ah, that horrible,
  Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
  The pitiless pain,

Have ceased, with the fever
  That maddened my brain,—
With the fever called "Living"
  That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures
  That torture the worst
Has abated,—the terrible
  Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
  Of Passion accurst!
I have drunk of a water
  That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,
  With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
  Feet under ground,—
From a cavern not very far
  Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
  Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
  And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
  In a different bed,—
And, to *sleep* you must slumber
  In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
  Here blandly reposes,

Forgetting, or never
  Regretting, its roses,—
Its old agitations
  Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
  Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
  About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor,
  Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
  Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
  Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
  And the beauty of Annie,—
Drowned in a bath
  Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
  She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
  To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
  From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
  She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
  To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
  To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
  Now in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
  That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
  Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
  That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
  Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter
  Than all of the many
Stars in the sky;
  For it sparkles with Annie,—
It glows with the light
  Of the love of my Annie,
With the thought of the light
  Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THALATTA! THALATTA!

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

I STAND upon the summit of my life,
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle, and the burden: vast, afar
Beyond these weary ways, Behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings;
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.

Palter no question of the horizon dim—
Cut loose the bark! Such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity!—deliverance, promise, course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

JOSEPH BROWNLEE BROWN.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth his belovèd sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth his belovèd sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth *his* belovèd sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,—
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
"He giveth *his* belovèd sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *his* belovèd sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
"He giveth his belovèd sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his belovèd sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose
Who "giveth his belovèd sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
  The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
  I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
  The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
  And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
  The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
  The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
  And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
  The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
  Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
  The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
  Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.
  Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
Oh no, I 'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory 's mine, ere I 'm captive again;

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where he deigned to sleep, I 'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,
To adore him—be near him—enwrapt with his
love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

FAREWELL.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,—
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LOVE AND DEATH.

ALAS! that men must see
Love, before Death!
Else they content might be
With their short breath;
Aye, glad, when the pale sun
Showed restless day was done,
And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand
Death clasped their own,
And with a strange command
Hushed every moan;
Glad to have finished pain,
And labor wrought in vain,
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice
Bids self to flee—
"Live that I may rejoice,
Live on, for me!"

So, for Love's cruel mind,
Men fear this Rest to find,
Nor know great Death is kind!

MARGARETTA WADE DELAND.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On Earth, my mother's breast.

There 's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity:
These clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay:
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away!

From the German of GLUCK.

ASLEEP, ASLEEP.

"And so saying, he fell asleep."

MARTYRDOM OF SAINT STEPHEN.

ASLEEP! asleep! men talk of "sleep,"
When all adown the silent deep
The shades of night are stealing;
When like a curtain, soft and vast,
The darkness over all is cast,
And sombre stillness comes at last,
To the mute heart appealing.

Asleep! asleep! when soft and low
The patient watchers come and go,
Their loving vigil keeping;
When from the dear eyes fades the light,
When pales the flush so strangely bright,
And the glad spirit takes its flight,
We speak of death as "sleeping."

Or when, as dies the orb of day,
The aged Christian sinks away,
And the lone mourner weepeth;

When thus the pilgrim goes to rest,
With meek hands folded on his breast,
And his last sigh a prayer confessed—
  We say of such, "He sleepeth."

But when amidst a shower of stones,
And mingled curses, shrieks, and groans,
  The death-chill slowly creepeth;
When falls at length the dying head,
And streams the life-blood dark and red,
A thousand voices cry, "He 's dead";
  But who shall say, "He sleepeth"?

"He fell asleep." A pen divine
Hath writ that epitaph of thine;
  And though the days are hoary,
Yet beautiful thy rest appears—
Unsullied by the lapse of years—
And still we read, with thankful tears,
  The tale of grace and glory.

Asleep! asleep! though not for thee
The touch of loving lips might be,
  In sadly sweet leave-taking:
Though not for thee the last caress,
The look of untold tenderness,
The love that dying hours can press
  From hearts with silence breaking.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

REST.

I LAY me down to sleep,
  With little care

Whether my waking find
  Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
  That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
  A loving breast.

My good right-hand forgets
  Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
  I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
  Nor strong,—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
  At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
  And this is all my part,—
I give a patient God
  My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
  Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
  Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

IN HARBOR.

I THINK it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last:
Voices of foemen and lover,

The sweet and the bitter, have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There 's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throb through the sanctified river,
  Which girdle the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There 's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;

And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

HUSH!

Oh, hush thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary palms!
The sunset glory fadeth in the west;
The purple splendor leaves the mountain's crest;
Gray twilight comes as one who beareth alms,
Darkness and silence and delicious calms.
Take thou the gift, O Earth! On Night's soft breast
Lay thy tired head and sink to dreamless rest,
Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.
Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars,
Long shadows when the pale moon soars on high,
One far lone night-bird singing from the hill,
And utter rest from Day's discordant jars;
O soul of mine! when the long night draws nigh
Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

LIFE.

"Animula, vagula, blandula."

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
  And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
  From whence thy essence came,
  Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
  From matter's base uncumbering weed?
    Or dost thou, hid from sight,
    Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
O, say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
  'T is hard to part when friends are dear,—
  Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
  Then steal away, give little warning,
    Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
    Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

VI.

CONSOLATION.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death,—the jewel of the just,—
Shining nowhere but in the dark!

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

In the best chamber of the house,
  Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
  Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One day a woman, frail and gray,
  Stepped totteringly across the floor—
"Let in," said she, "the light of day,
  Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer."

The girl, in all her youth's loveliness,
  Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
  Of jewels, and of rare old lace.
But when the summer sunshine fell
  Upon the treasures hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
  Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear Grandmamma," she softly sighed,
  Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
  But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
  Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn;
  A hat with tiny bows of blue;

A ball made fifty years ago;
  A little glove; a tasselled cap;

A half-done "long division" sum;
  Some school-books fastened with a strap.
She touched them all with trembling lips—
  "How much," she said, "the heart can bear!
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
  The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know
  That through these weary, troubled years
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,
  Their eyes have been unstained by tears.
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight
  When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies,
  For whom I locked that sacred drawer."

AMELIA EDITH BARR.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
  Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
  But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
  And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
  And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
  The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
  My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
  Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
  Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
  And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
  And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
  Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
  My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none returns from those quiet shores,
  Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
  And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
  They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
  That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
  May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
  They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
  Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
  And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
  I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live,—nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to him!)—

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,

Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
  Whose captives have escaped?

'T is but a mound,—and will be mossed
  Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
  We only lose—our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
  By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
  Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
  And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
  But lo! 't is all before!

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWO WAITINGS.

I.

Dear hearts, you were waiting a year ago
  For the glory to be revealed;
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,
  What treasure the days concealed.

O, would it be this, or would it be that?
  Would it be girl or boy?
Would it look like father or mother most?
  And what should you do for joy?

And then, one day, when the time was full,
  And the spring was coming fast,
The tender grace of a life outbloomed,
  And you saw your baby at last.

Was it or not what you had dreamed?
  It was, and yet it was not;
But O, it was better a thousand times
  Than ever you wished or thought.

II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,
  While the spring is coming fast;
For the baby that was a future dream
  Is now a dream of the past:

A dream of sunshine, and all that's sweet;
  Of all that is pure and bright;
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,
  And as clear as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fulness of time,
  And the glory to be revealed;
You are wondering deeply with aching hearts
  What treasure is now concealed.

O, will she be this, or will she be that?
  And what will there be in her face
That will tell you sure that she is your own,
  When you meet in the heavenly place?

As it was before, it will be again,
  Fashion your dream as you will;

When the veil is rent, and the glory is seen,
It will more than your hope fulfil.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.
His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day does Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin

Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I 'm very poor—this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistle make
My crop content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or fairy hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,

To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face.
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunamite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm expressed
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caressed
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

She always stood upon the steps
  Just by the cottage door,
Waiting to kiss me when I came
  Each night home from the store.
Her eyes were like two glorious stars,
  Dancing in heaven's own blue—
"Papa," she 'd call like a wee bird,
  "I 's looten out for oo!"

Alas! how sadly do our lives
  Change as we onward roam!
For now no birdie voice calls out
  To bid me welcome home.
No little hands stretched out for me,
  No blue eyes dancing bright,
No baby face peeps from the door
  When I come home at night.

And yet there 's comfort in the thought
  That when life's toil is o'er,
And passing through the sable flood
  I gain the brighter shore,
My little angel at the gate,
  With eyes divinely blue,
Will call with birdie voice, "Papa,
  I 's looten out for oo!"

ANONYMOUS.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,

So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes, that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

SONG.

SHE's somewhere in the sunlight strong,
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car;
Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
  He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
  He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
  The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
  Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
  Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
  These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
  The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
  In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
  The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
  And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"ONLY A YEAR."

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
  A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
  Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
    No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
    Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
    Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
    What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
    The burial-stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
    Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,
    And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
    Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
    Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
    Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
    That sing above
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
    The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
    What hast thou seen,—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
    Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
  Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
  Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
  Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
  And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
  And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away—
    And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good day"
Make each day good, is hushed away—
    And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,

The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry—Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort—none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures—
    And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
    Till days go out which now go on

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say, "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
    Forgetting how the days go on."

A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
    The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne,
And listens for the creature's praise.
What babble we of days and days?
    The Dayspring he, whose days go on!

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave his throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around him, changeless amid all—
    Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, he reigns alone—
And having life in love forgone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown:
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee,*
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, . . . whatever 's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever 's lost, it first was won!
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on!

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

To us across the ages borne,
Comes the deep word the Master said:
"Blessèd are they that mourn;
They shall be comforted!"

Strange mystery! It is better then
To weep and yearn and vainly call,
Till peace is won from pain,
Than not to grieve at all!

Yea, truly, though joy's note be sweet,
Life does not thrill to joy alone.
The harp is incomplete
That has no deeper tone.

Unclouded sunshine overmuch
Falls vainly on the barren plain;
But fruitful is the touch
Of sunshine after rain!

Who only scans the heavens by day
Their story but half reads, and mars;
Let him learn how to say,
"The night is full of stars!"

We seek to know Thee more and more,
Dear Lord, and count our sorrows blest,
Since sorrow is the door
Whereby Thou enterest.

Nor can our hearts so closely come
To Thine in any other place,
As where, with anguish dumb,
We faint in Thine embrace.

ROSSITER WORTHINGTON RAYMOND.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE," WHO DIED AT MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him."—JOHN xx. 15.

IN the fair gardens of celestial peace
Walketh a gardener in meekness clad;
Fair are the flowers that wreathe his dewy locks,
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,
Falling with saintly calmness to his feet;
And when he walks, each floweret to his will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,
In the mild summer radiance of his eye;
No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,
Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
  Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;
And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,
  Watching the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
  O'erwatched with restless longings night and
    day;
Forgetful of the high, mysterious right
  He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
  Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night:
  At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave!
  Blank, silent, vacant; but in worlds above,
Like a new star outblossomed in the skies,
  The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound,
  Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf,
Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye
  Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast
  Those mysteries of color, warm and bright,
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
  Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence,
  Nor must thou ask to take her thence away;

Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour,
  Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

DEATH IN YOUTH.

FROM "FESTUS."

For to die young is youth's divinest gift;
To pass from one world fresh into another,
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
And feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming life cry always, On!
And follow it while strong, is heaven's last mercy.
There is a fire-fly in the south, but shines
When on the wing. So is 't with mind. When once
We rest, we darken. On! saith God to the soul,
As unto the earth for ever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite,
As is a bird, of air; an orb, of heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

IN MEMORIAM F. A. S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
  How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
  Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being
  Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
  Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
  You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished
  Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
  Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
  And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Davos, 1881.

TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage bell
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,

Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
  But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
  And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
  By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
  Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,
  And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
  He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death we know;
  Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
  He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself did say;
  Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
  He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, tho' haply she do wake,
  And look upon some fairer dawn,

Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch,
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our belovèd seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide in Me."

ROSSITER WORTHINGTON RAYMOND.

COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus in sooth,

To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods forevermore,
Is sung to instead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out, so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

PEACE.

THERE is the peace that cometh after sorrow,
  Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
  But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
  Nor in the happy life of love secure,
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses,
  Of conflicts won, while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded,
  A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'T is not the peace that over Eden brooded,
  But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

ANONYMOUS.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
  And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
  To a holy, calm delight,—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door,—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HAPPY ARE THE DEAD.

I WALKED the other day, to spend my hour,
  Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
  A gallant flower:
But winter now had ruffled all the bower
  And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer
  In the face of things,

Thought with myself, there might be other springs
Beside this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would erelong
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And, stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropped down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then, sighing, whispered, *Happy are the dead!*
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings

To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is still trod
By every wandering clod!

O thou whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead!
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name!
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masks and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly:
Show me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain:
There, hid in thee, show me his life again
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW.

THE work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as heaven, we know;
So we 'll not forget,
When the skies are wet,
There 's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And buds and flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it 's ever so
In this life's uneven flow;
We 've only to wait,
In the face of fate,
For the green grass under the snow.

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,

Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
  Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
  No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
  The passions that consumed his restless heart:
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
      Gentlest in mien and mind,
      Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
  Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
  Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that molders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
  And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,
  Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were raged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
      Alone her task was wrought,
      Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
  That altered not beneath the frown they wore,

And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.

Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,

And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his wester-
ing wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad song would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.
But, oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone—
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
grown,
And all their echoes, mourn;
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream——
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there; for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
  O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beakèd promontory;
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
  Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
  Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,

The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies,
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth!
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!
  Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more!
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
    waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

MILTON.

AFTER DEATH.

FROM "PEARLS OF THE FAITH."

He made life—and He takes it—but instead
Gives more: praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hid!

He who dies at Azan* sends
This to comfort faithful friends:—

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;

* The hour of prayer; esteemed a blessed time to die.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

And ye say, "Abdullah 's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers,
Yet I smile and whisper this:—
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie:
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed in the grave
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.
Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury,
A mind which loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good!
Now thy grace is understood:
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
Life from death, and death from heaven:
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Toward the Throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!
Now the long, long darkness ends.
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you: lost, 't is true
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise;
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death—
Now I see—is that first breath

Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above;
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"*La Allah illa Allah!* Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,

And rise on strong, exulting wing,
  To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
  Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
  To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! the stars go down
  To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
  They shine forever more.

There is no death! the forest leaves
  Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
  The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
  Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
  Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
  The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
  The warm sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
  That heaven hath kindly lent to earth

Are ever first to seek again
  The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth of joy
  Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
  Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
  We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
  Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
  That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
  In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
  When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
  From our embracing arms;

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
  With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
  And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! they have but passed
  Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
  Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
  To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
  They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
  They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
  They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
  Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
  Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
  Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
  Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
  Is life—there are no dead.

JAMES L. M'CREERY.

1863.

GOING AND COMING.

Going—the great round Sun,
  Dragging the captive Day
Over behind the frowning hill,
  Over beyond the bay,—
    Dying:

Coming—the dusky Night,
  Silently stealing in,
Wrapping himself in the soft warm couch
  Where the golden-haired Day hath been
    Lying.

Going—the bright, blithe Spring;
  Blossoms! how fast ye fall,
Shooting out of your starry sky
  Into the darkness all
    Blindly!
Coming—the mellow days:
  Crimson and yellow leaves;
Languishing purple and amber fruits
  Kissing the bearded sheaves
    Kindly!

Going—our early friends;
  Voices we loved are dumb;
Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew;
  Fainter the echoes come
    Ringing:
Coming to join our march,—
  Shoulder to shoulder pressed,—
Gray-haired veterans strike their tents
  For the far-off purple West—
    Singing!

Going—this old, old life;
  Beautiful world, farewell!
Forest and meadow! river and hill!
  Ring ye a loving knell
    O'er us!

Coming—a nobler life;
  Coming—a better land;
Coming—a long, long, nightless day;
  Coming—the grand, grand
    Chorus!

EDWARD A. JENKS.

BLIND.

LAUGHING, the blind boys
Run 'round their college lawn,
Playing such games of buff
Over its dappled grass!

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinafores,
Turning their skipping ropes!

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is!
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad symphony.
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress.
How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But—O the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid fingers on their eyes—
One touch—and what a world
New born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,

Ivy-grown college walls,
Shining loved faces!

What a dark world—who knows?
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us!
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly, upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

THE DEATH OF DEATH.

SONNET CXLV.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE.

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RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE time is not long past when the copulative in that title might have suggested to some minds an antithesis,—as acid and alkali, or heat and cold. That religion could have affiliation with anything so worldly as poetry would have seemed to some pious people a questionable proposition. There were the Psalms, in the Old Testament, to be sure; and the minister had been heard to allude to them as poetry: might not that indicate some heretical taint in him, caught, perchance, from the "German neologists" whose influence we were beginning to dread? It did not seem quite orthodox to describe the Psalms as poems; and when, a little later, some one ventured to speak of the Book of Job as a *dramatic* poem, there were many who were simply horrified. Indeed, it was difficult for many good people to consider the Biblical writings as in any sense literature; they belonged in a category by themselves, and the application to them of the terms by which we describe similar writings in other books appeared to many good men and women a kind of profanation. This was not, of course, the attitude of educated men and women, but some-

thing akin to it affected large numbers of excellent people.

We are well past that period, and the relations of religion and poetry may now be discussed with no fear of misunderstandings. These relations are close and vital. Poetry is indebted to religion for its largest and loftiest inspirations, and religion is indebted to poetry for its subtlest and most luminous interpretations.

Religion is related to poetry as life is related to art. Religion is life, the life of God in the soul of man—the response of man's spirit to the attractions of the divine Spirit. Poetry is an interpretation of life. Religious poetry endeavors to express, in beautiful forms, the facts of the religious life. There is poetry that is not religious; poetry which deals only with that which is purely sensuous, poetry which does not hint at spiritual facts, or divine relations; and there is religion which has but little to do with poetry: but the highest religious thoughts and feelings are greatly served by putting them into poetic forms; and the greatest poetry is always that which sets forth the facts of the religious life. "Without love to man and love to God," says Dr. Strong, "the greatest poetry is impossible. Mere human love to God is not enough to stir the deepest chords either in the poet or in his readers. It is the connection of human love with the divine love that gives it permanence and security."*

If, then, religion is the supreme experience of the human spirit, and that experience finds its

* "The Great Poets and their Theology."

most perfect literary expression in poetry, the present volume ought to contain a precious collection of the best literature. And any one who wished to give to a friend a volume which would convey to him the essential elements of religion would probably be safe to choose this volume rather than any prose treatise upon theology ever printed. He who reads this book through will get a clearer and truer idea of what the religious life is than any philosophical discussion could give him. For this poetry is an attempt to express life, not to explain it. It offers pictures or reports rather than analyses of religious experience. It gives utterance to the real life of religion in the individual soul, and is not a generalization of religious thoughts and feelings.

The sources from which this collection has been drawn are abundant and varied. The psalmody and hymnology of the church furnish a vast preserve, the exploration of which would be a large undertaking. It must be confessed that the pious people who had in their hands some of the ancient hymn-books were justified in feeling that religion and poetry were not closely related, for many of the hymns they were wont to sing were guiltless of any poetic character. It was too often evident that the hymn-writer had been more intent on giving metrical form to proper theological concepts than on giving utterance to his own religious life. But the feeling has been growing that in hymns, at any rate, life is more than dogma; and we have now some collections of hymns that come pretty near being books of

poetry. The improvement in this department of literature within the past twenty-five years has been marked. There is still, indeed, in many hymnals, and especially in hymnals for Sunday schools and social meetings, much doggerel; but large recent contributions of hymns which are true poetry, many of the best of them from American sources, have made it possible to furnish our congregations with admirable manuals of praise.

The indebtedness of religion to poetry which is thus expressed in the hymnology of the church is very large. Probably many of us are indebted for definite and permanent religious conceptions and impressions quite as much to felicitous phrases of hymns as to any words of sermon or catechism. Our most positive convictions of religious truth are apt to come to us in some line or stanza that tells the whole story. The rhythm and the rhyme have helped to fix it and hold it in the memory.

This is true not only of the hymns of the church but of many poems that are not suitable for singing. English poetry is especially rich in meditative and devotional elements, and of no period has this been more true than of the nineteenth century. Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the Brownings, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, on the other side of the sea, with Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Lanier, Sill and Gilder on this side—these and many others—have made most precious additions to our store of religious poetry. The century has been one of great perturbations in religious thought;

the advent of the evolutionary philosophy threatened all the theological foundations, and there was need of a thorough revision of the dogmas which were based on a mechanical theology, and of a reinterpretation of the life of the Spirit. In all this the poets have given us the strongest help. The great poet cannot be oblivious of these deepest themes. He need not be a dogmatician, indeed he cannot be, for his business is insight, not ratiocination; but the problems which theology is trying to solve must always be before his mind, and he must have something to say about them, if he hopes to command the attention of thoughtful men. Yet while we need not depreciate the service that has been rendered by preachers and professional theologians who have sought to put the facts of the religious life into the forms of the new philosophy, we must own our deeper obligation to the poets, by whose vision the spiritual realities have been most clearly discerned.

It was Wordsworth, perhaps, who gave us the first great contribution to the new religious thought by bringing home to us the fact that God is in his world, revealing himself now as clearly as in any of the past ages. The truth of the Divine immanence, which is the foundation of all the more positive religious thinking of to-day, and which is destined, when once its import has been fully grasped, to revolutionize our religious life, is made familiar to our thought in Wordsworth's poetry. To him it was simply an experience; in quite another sense than that in which

it was true of Spinoza, it might have been said of him that he was a "God-intoxicated man"; and although his clear English sense permitted no pantheistic merging of the human in the divine, but kept the individual consciousness clear for choice and duty, the realization of the presence of God made nature in his thought supernatural, and life sublime. To him, as Dr. Strong has said, it was plain that "imagination in man enables him to enter into the thought of God—the creative element in us is the medium through which we perceive the meaning of the Creator in his creation. The world without answers to the world within, because God is the soul of both."

> "Such minds are truly from the Deity,
> For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
> That flesh can know is theirs,—the consciousness
> Of whom they are, habitually infused
> Through every image and through every thought,
> And all affections by communion raised
> From earth to heaven, from human to divine."

The mystical faith by which man is united to God can have no clearer confession. And in the great poem of "Tintern Abbey" this truth received an expression which has become classical; —it must be counted one of the greatest words of that continuing revelation by which the truths of religion are given permanent form:

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

We can hardly imagine that the religious experience of mankind will ever suffer these words to drop into forgetfulness; and it would seem that every passing generation must deepen their significance.

The same great testimony to the divine Presence in our lives is borne by many other witnesses in memorable words. Lowell's voice is clear:

"No man can think, nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hillside, always unforwarned,
A grace of being finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone,—a larger life
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles, luminous with mind,
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge."

If to this central truth of religion,—the reality of the communion of the human spirit with the divine—the poets have borne such impressive

testimony, not less positively have they asserted many other of the great things of the spirit. Sometimes they have helped us to believe, by identifying themselves with us in our struggles with the doubts that loosen our hold on the great realities. No man of the last century has done more for Christian belief than Alfred Tennyson, albeit he has been a confessed doubter. But what he said of Arthur Hallam is quite as true of himself:

> "He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them; thus he came at length,
>
> To find a stronger faith his own,
> And Power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone."

Those words of his, so often quoted, are often sadly misused:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

When men make these words an excuse for an attitude of habitual negation and denial, assuming that it is better to doubt everything than to believe anything, they grossly pervert the poet's meaning. It is the *faith* that lives in honest doubt that his heart applauds. He is thinking of the fact that it is real faith in God which leads men to doubt the dogmas which misrepresent God. But conscious as he is of the shadow that lies

upon our field of vision, he is always insisting that it is in the light and not in the shadow that we must walk. Therefore, although demonstration is impossible, faith is rational. So do those great words of "The Ancient Sage" admonish us:

"Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one.
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven
Nor yet disproven. Wherefore be thou wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wailed 'Mirage!'"

This illustrates Tennyson's mental attitude. If all who plume themselves upon their doubts would put themselves into this posture of mind, they would find themselves in possession of a very substantial faith.

Tennyson has touched with light more than one problem of the soul. The little stanza beginning,

"Flower in the crannied wall"

has shown us how the mysteries of being are shared by the commonest lives; the short lyric "Wages" condenses into a few lines the strongest proof of the life to come; and "Crossing the Bar" has borne many a spirit in peace out to the boundless sea.

Robert Browning's robust faith helps us in a different way. His daring and triumphant optimism makes us ashamed of doubt. In "Abt Vogler," in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in "Pompilia," in "Christmas Eve," we are caught up and carried onward by an unflinching and overcoming faith. Perhaps the most convincing arguments for religious reality in Browning's poems are those of "An Epistle" and of "Cleon," where the cry of the human soul for the assurance which the Christian faith supplies is given such a penetrating voice. And there is no reasoning about the Incarnation, in any theological book that I have ever read, which seems to me so cogent as that great passage in "Saul," where David cries:

"Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!"

But, after all, Browning's great hymns of faith are those in which he faces the future, like "Prospice," and the prologue of "La Saisiaz," and the epilogue of "Asolando,"—triumphant

songs, in which one of the healthiest-minded of human beings showed himself:

> "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake!"

It would be a grateful task to make extended record of the service rendered to religion by the great choir of singers whose names appear upon the pages of this book. To Elizabeth Barrett Browning our debt is large, though her note is oftenest plaintive and the faith which she illustrates is that by which suffering is turned to strength. Our own New England psalmist, also, has been to great multitudes a revealer and a comforter; few in any age have seen the central truths of Christianity more clearly, or felt them more deeply, or uttered them more convincingly. In such poems as "My Soul and I," "My Psalm," "Our Master," "The Eternal Goodness," "The Brewing of Soma," and "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer," Whittier has made the whole religious world his debtor.

How many more there are—of those whom the world reckons as the greater bards, and of those whom it assigns to lower places—to whom we have found ourselves indebted for the clearing of our vision or the quickening of our pulses, in our studies or our meditations upon the deepest questions of life! How many there are, whose faces

we never saw, but who by some luminous word, some strain vibrant with tenderness, some flash of insight, have endeared themselves to us forever! They are the friends of our spirits, ministers to us of the holiest things. They have clothed for us the highest truth in forms of beauty; they have made it winsome and real and dear and memorable. Is there anything better than this, that one man can do for another?

Washington Gladden

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POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE

POEMS OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

I.

THE DIVINE ELEMENT.

SONG.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

This year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
God 's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Long pored Saint Austin o'er the sacred page,
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind;
On God's mysterious being thought the Sage,
The Triple Person in one Godhead joined.
The more he thought, the harder did he find
To solve the various doubts which fast arose;
And as a ship, caught by imperious wind,

Tosses where chance its shattered body throws,
So tossed his troubled soul, and nowhere found repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome,
And went to wander by the ocean-side,
Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come,
Murmuring responsive to the murmuring tide;
And as Augustine o'er its margent wide
Strayed, deeply pondering the puzzling theme,
A little child before him he espied:
In earnest labor did the urchin seem,
Working with heart intent close by the sounding stream.

He looked, and saw the child a hole had scooped,
Shallow and narrow in the shining sand,
O'er which at work the laboring infant stooped,
Still pouring water in with busy hand.
The saint addressed the child in accents bland:
"Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray what toil is thine?
Let me its end and purpose understand."
The boy replied: "An easy task is mine,
To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"O foolish boy!" the saint exclaimed, "to hope
That the broad ocean in that hole should lie!"
"O foolish saint!" exclaimed the boy; "thy scope
Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply,
Who think'st to comprehend God's nature high
In the small compass of thine human wit!
Sooner, Augustine, sooner far, shall I
Confine the ocean in this tiny pit,
Than finite minds conceive God's nature infinite!"

ANONYMOUS.

MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU PRINCE.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and Northward across the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills;
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot that kills;

Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,—
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side,
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race:
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols round me, and the legion of muttering priests,

The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they rung from the Silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is naught but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the
hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush
of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me
to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and
voices of women who weep.

SIR ALFRED COMYNS LYALL.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HYMN TO ZEUS.

Most glorious of all the Undying, many-named,
girt round with awe!
Jove, author of Nature, applying to all things the
rudder of law—
Hail! Hail! for it justly rejoices the races whose
life is a span
To lift unto thee their voices—the Author and
Framer of man.
For we are thy sons; thou didst give us the sym-
bols of speech at our birth,
Alone of the things that live, and mortal move
upon earth.
Wherefore thou shalt find me extolling and ever
singing thy praise;
Since thee the great Universe, rolling on its path
round the world, obeys:—
Obeys thee, wherever thou guidest, and gladly is
bound in thy bands,
So great is the power thou confidest, with strong,
invincible hands,
To thy mighty ministering servant, the bolt of the
thunder, that flies,
Two-edged like a sword, and fervent, that is liv-
ing and never dies.
All nature, in fear and dismay, doth quake in the
path of its stroke,
What time thou preparest the way for the one
Word thy lips have spoke,
Which blends with lights smaller and greater,
which pervadeth and thrilleth all things,

So great is thy power and thy nature—in the Universe Highest of Kings!
On earth, of all deeds that are done, O God! there is none without thee;
In the holy ether not one, nor one on the face of the sea,
Save the deeds that evil men, driven by their own blind folly, have planned;
But things that have grown uneven are made even again by thy hand;
And things unseemly grow seemly, the unfriendly are friendly to thee;
For no good and evil supremely thou hast blended in one by decree.
For all thy decree is one ever—a Word that endureth for aye,
Which mortals, rebellious, endeavor to flee from and shun to obey—
Ill-fated, that, worn with proneness for the lordship of goodly things,
Neither hear nor behold, in its oneness, the law that divinity brings;
Which men with reason obeying, might attain unto glorious life,
No longer aimlessly straying in the paths of ignoble strife.
There are men with a zeal unblest, that are wearied with following of fame,
And men with a baser quest, that are turned to lucre and shame.
There are men too that pamper and pleasure the flesh with delicate stings:

All these desire beyond measure to be other than all these things.
Great Jove, all-giver, dark-clouded, great Lord of the thunderbolt's breath!
Deliver the men that are shrouded in ignorance dismal as death.
O Father! dispel from their souls the darkness, and grant them the light
Of reason, thy stay, when the whole wide world thou rulest with might,
That we, being honored, may honor thy name with the music of hymns,
Extolling the deeds of the Donor, unceasing, as rightly beseems
Mankind; for no worthier trust is awarded to God or to man
Than forever to glory with justice in the law that endures and is One.

From the Greek of CLEANTHES.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify thee;
And we worship thy Name ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.*

Version of the
AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH PRAYER-BOOK.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

* This venerable hymn, familiar as a part of the morning service in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches, and on special occasions in many Protestant Churches, has usually been ascribed to the great St. Ambrose of Milan and St. Augustine, his greater convert, in the year 387 A.D. But, like other productions of mighty influence, it was doubtless a growth. Portions of it appear in the writings of St. Cyprian (252 A.D.) and others in still earlier liturgical forms of the Greek Church in Alexandria during the century previous. It is thus probably the earliest, as it is certainly the most universal and famous, of Christian hymns. It was translated from the Latin into English in 1549 for the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, which assumed its present form in 1660—during that wonderful era which gave us the English Bible, with its unapproached majesty and music of language.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
  To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
  Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
  That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
  To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
  To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
  And impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
  All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
  All Nature incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE.

FROM "THE SPECTATOR."

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LORD! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS I SEE.

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD! when those glorious lights I see
With which thou hast adorned the skies,
Observing how they movèd be,
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,
Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that thy love ordained it so,—
That creatures in so high a place
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there
In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet these upon mankind attend
  For secret aid or public light;
And from the world's extremest end
  Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced
  Which first on us thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced,
  Since we are so much honored yet!
Good God, for what but for the sake
  Of thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on him our nature take,
  Were these exceeding favors done?

As we by him have honored been,
  Let us to him due honors give;
Let us uprightness hide our sin,
  And let us worth from him receive.
Yea, so let us by grace improve
  What thou by nature doth bestow,
That to thy dwelling-place above
  We may be raisèd from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald,—wake, O, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;

"God's peace is everlasting,"
  Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
  The home elect of his grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
  His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
  Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
  Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
  Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
  In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
  And over the uplands flock;
He weaveth the zones together
  In robes for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers;
  Nests for his flying cloud;
Homesteads for new-born races,
  Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
  Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
  As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all,
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains;
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness
And his peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the east hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierces through the midnight glooms,
And at prime hours, behold! he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

GOD AND MAN.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN," EPISTLES I AND IV.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man 's unhappy, God 's unjust,—
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,

Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

. . . . . .

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—Whatever is, is right.

. . . . . .

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.
  But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
  All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
  Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
  Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
  Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
  Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
  May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
  There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
  Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
  And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
  Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
  First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
  Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
  Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
  Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great!
  Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround—
  Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze;
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
  A glorious company of golden streams—

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
  Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
  All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
  And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
  Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
  Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
  Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
  Even to the throne of Thy divinity;
  I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
  Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
  Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
  I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
  Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
  In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
  I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
  Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
  Lives surely through some higher energy;
  For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
  Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
  Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
  Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
  Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
  Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!
  Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee.
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
  And waft its homage to Thy deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
  Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
  The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

From the Russian of GAVRIÍL ROMÁNOVITCH DERSHÁVIN.
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A TRODDEN daisy, from the sward,
  With tearful eye I took,
And on its ruined glories I,
  With moving heart, did look;
For, crushed and broken though it was,
  That little flower was fair;
And oh! I loved the dying bud,
  For God was there!

I stood upon the sea-beat shore,
  The waves came rushing on;
The tempest raged in giant wrath,
  The light of day was gone.
The sailor from his drowning bark
  Sent up his dying prayer;
I looked amid the ruthless storm,
  And God was there!

I sought a lonely, woody dell,
  Where all things soft and sweet,
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running streams,
  Mid bright sunshine did meet:
I stood beneath an old oak's shade,
  And summer round was fair;
I gazed upon the peaceful scene,
  And God was there!

I saw a home—a happy home—
  Upon a bridal day,
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,
  And aged hearts were gay:

I sat amid the smiling band
  Where all so blissful were—
Among the bridal maidens sweet—
  And God was there!

I stood beside an infant's couch,
  When light had left its eye—
I saw the mother's bitter tears,
  I heard her woful cry—
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,
  And smooth its yellow hair;
And oh, I loved the mourner's home,
  For God was there!

I sought a cheerless wilderness—
  A desert, pathless wild—
Where verdure grew not by the streams,
  Where beauty never smiled;
Where desolation brooded o'er
  A muirland lone and bare,
And awe upon my spirit crept,
  For God was there!

I looked upon the lowly flower,
  And on each blade of grass;
Upon the forests, wide and deep,
  I saw the tempests pass:
I gazed on all created things
  In earth, in sea, and air;
Then bent the knee—for God, in love,
  Was everywhere!

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

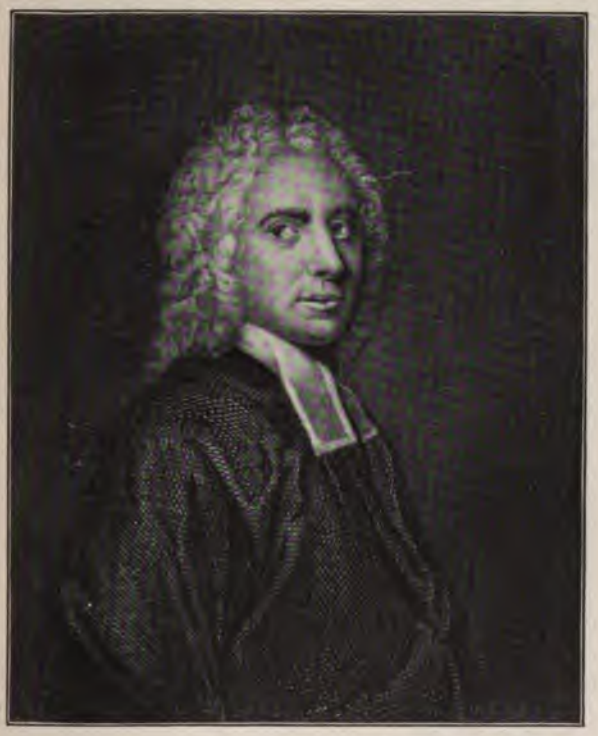
Our God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home,—

Under the shadow of thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
  Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.



ISAAC WATTS

Our God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
  A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
  Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
  On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
  Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
  The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
  And he must win the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.
Translation of FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth,—
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what 's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air,—her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what 's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea,—she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, heaven 's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
  Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air 's a rank infection;
  Without thy presence, heaven 's itself no pleasure:
  If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
  What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
  Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
  But dying sparkles of thy living fire;
  The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
  But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
  Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
  Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
  Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
  Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
  Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
  And having thee alone, what have I not?
  I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
  Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
  And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
  To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessèd rule
  Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
  Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
  A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
  And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught
  The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
  Oh, thou art loveliest then.

The headstrong world it presses hard
  Upon the church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
  The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
  Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessèd will!
  Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
  Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
  And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
  My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
  Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessèd will!
  For all my cares are thine:
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
  Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
  From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
  And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
  Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
  More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
  Thou glorious will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
  The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
  To him no chance is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE VOYAGE.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
  A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
  O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
  One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
  O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
  And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
  O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
  The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
  O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
  Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
  O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
  Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
  O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days—
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear—
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store—
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish days, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
  Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
  The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
  His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
  The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
  A world of pain and loss:
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
  And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
  Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
  Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
  I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
  A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
  I know that God is good!.

Not mine to look where cherubim
  And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
  Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
  I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
  His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
  Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
  His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
  For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
  And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
  But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
  Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
  And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," INTRODUCTION.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest Life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be:
  They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock thee when we do not fear:
  But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
  What seemed my worth since I began;
  For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
  Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
  I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
  Confusions of a wasted youth;
  Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
  How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
  The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
  The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
  Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
  And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
  Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
  Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
  And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
  But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
  The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
  Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
  Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
  The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
  Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
  From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
  With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

EPIPHANY.

"We have seen his star in the east."
—MATTHEW ii. 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
  Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
  Our great redemption from above did bring—
  For so the holy sages once did sing—
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
  And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
  To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
  He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
  Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
  To welcome Him to this His new abode—
  Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
  The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
  And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
  Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—
Confounded that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around—

THE HOLY NIGHT

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;

He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born heir—

Such music as ('tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;

And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-
ing;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No—
This must not yet be so;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify.
Yet first to those ye chained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out-
brake;
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake—
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is—
But now begins: for from this happy day
The old dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lares and lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbal's ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast—
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis—haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest—
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand—

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide—
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;
Our babe, to show His God-head true,
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail—
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest—
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars;
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
  The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
  Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
  Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
  The air how calm and cold and thin,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
  The world was listening, unawares.

How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
  Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born,
  The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

TRYSTE NOËL.

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore
  And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her smile therefore,
  Our Ladye without Sinne.
    Now soone from Sleepe
    A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
    Amen, Amen:
But oh, the place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
  Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
  The Blessed lays her Browe.

Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE's a legend that 's told of a gypsy who dwelt
In the lands where the pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt
With devices right wondrous to see;
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes,—when to Egypt exiled,
He went down with Saint Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze;
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.

She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule by that road;
And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way
Let them straight to the gypsy's abode;
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,
From thence many, many a league,—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile.
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose;
"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool;
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly culled,
All the toil of the day she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand
Took the infant's diminutive palm,
O, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the babe in his slumbers so calm!
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew,
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew:
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigners' land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessèd hope of the Gentiles!) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,
And adored him at once; then a smile

Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the bank of the Nile.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY (*Father Prout*).

CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE LOST SHEEP.

("THE NINETY AND NINE.")

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
  In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
  Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
  Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine
  Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
  How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
  Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
  That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
  Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
  And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
  "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,
And some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', dey 's all brung in.
But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

SARAH PRATT M'LEAN GREENE.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpitying Phrygian Sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."—
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;
And by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat

God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
The first is *Jesus wept*, whereon is prest
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet:
And one is, where the Christ denied and scorned
Looked upon Peter. Oh, to render plain,
By help of having loved a little and mourned,
That look of sovran love and sovran pain
Which he who could not sin yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject but not sustain!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last.
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

Stood the afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping
  Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
  Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressèd
Was that favored and most blessèd
  Mother of the only Son,
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
  Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
  In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
  Agonizing with her child?

For his people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
  Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
  Yield his spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
  Tender mother, fount of love!

Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
  I may be to him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
  Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of him wounded, all astounded—
Depths unbounded for me sounded—
  All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;
With the Crucified, communion
  In his grief and suffering give;
Near the cross, with tears unfailing,
I would join thee in thy wailing
  Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!
Be not bitter, me repelling;
  Make thou me a mourner too;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share his passion, shame defying;
  All his wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created;
With the cross intoxicated
  For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
  In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
  Nourished by divine supplies.

When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

From the Latin of FRA JACOPONE.
Translation of ABRAHAM COLES.

MYRRH-BEARERS.*

THREE women crept at break of day
A-grope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

With blanch of woe each face was white,
As the gray Orient's waxing light
Brought back upon their awe-struck sight

The sixth-day scene of anguish. Fast
The starkly standing cross they passed,
And, breathless, neared the gate at last.

Each on her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.

Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby-the-Blest,

Had they with sorrow-riven hearts
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of,—nards whose pungent arts

* *Myrophores*, a name given to the Marys, in Greek Christian art.

Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through:
'T was all their love had leave to do!

Christ did not need their gifts; and yet
Did either Mary once regret
Her offering? Did Salome fret

Over the unused aloes? Nay!
They counted not as waste, that day,
What they had brought their Lord. The way

Home seemed the path to heaven. They bare,
Thenceforth, about the robes they ware
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So, ministering as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning ease),

Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim,
Of promise,—all for sake of him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as those of old,
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still,—at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God,—

Rare gifts whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices had been bruised for Christ!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,

Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE CHRIST.

He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.
Time was when He who nourished crowds with bread,
Would not one meal unto Himself afford.
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled;
Side, hands and feet with cruel piercings gored.
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Stood at His beck, the scorned and buffeted.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
Yet not more wonderful than those He wrought!
Oh, self-restraint, surpassing human thought!
To have all power, yet be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, that thought alone
For needs of others, never for its own!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwelt with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE DISCIPLES AFTER THE ASCENSION.

He is gone! beyond the skies,
A cloud receives him from our eyes:
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight:
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place:
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout his coming feet:
Never shall we track him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore:
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone; and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which he has left,
On this earth of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue:
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone; we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away";
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No! his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone; towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone; but not in vain,—
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
  Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
  My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
  Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
  I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
  The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
  Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
  To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
  And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
  When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
  But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
  Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me;
  I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
  Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
  Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
  I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
  Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
  But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
  Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
  My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Confented now upon my thigh
  I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
  On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
  Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
  And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods over the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixèd eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment,—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?—
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if the Almighty Son

Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
    Nor his great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
    His strained eye from the sight:
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
    The insufferable light.

"Who art thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
    At the last awful day
"When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye?
    Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise
    While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press.—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
    Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
    High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
    He speaks as he did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye me?
'T is hard, ye so in love should be
    With your own endless woe.

Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

"I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
In heaven, be sure, is stored."

Oh, by those gentle tones and dear,
When thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored:

"Christians, behold your happy state;
Christ is in these who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

JOHN KEBLE.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung.
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee:"
Felt her soul no need to hide,—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'T was a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,—
  "Let me hide myself in Thee."

EDWARD H. RICE.

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
  Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
  Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
  If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
  And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
  That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
  But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
  What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
  Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
  What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
  Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

From the Latin of SAINT STEPHEN THE SABAITE.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
  The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
  Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
  From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
  It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
  The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
  The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
  Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
  It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
  It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
  It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
  The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

FROM "AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE."

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire

Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
The idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
  Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
  And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
  Which guides the nations, groping on their way,

Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
  Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
  The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
  Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."
—REVELATIONS iii. 20.

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?
  Who is there?
'T is a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
  Never such was seen before;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
  Undo the door.
No,—that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
  Bid Him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
  Say Him, no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
  What! Still there?
O sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crownèd hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
  Waiting there;

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Open! Open! Once behold Him,
Him so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What? Still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest.
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,

Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door;—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
There the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crownèd hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
"To-morrow."

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

I GAVE my life for thee,
  My precious blood I shed
That thou mightst ransomed be,
  And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
  In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
  Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

My Father's home of light,
  My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
  For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,
  More than thy tongue may tell
Of bitterest agony,
  To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,
  Down from my home above,

Salvation full and free,
  My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
  Thy years for him be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
  And joy with suffering blent;
I gave myself for thee:
Give thou thyself to me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,—
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
  Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,

See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

DIES IRÆ.

"That day, a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!"—ZEPHANIAH i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing!

Worn and weary, thou hast sought me;
By thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope thy labors brought me!

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution!

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, Thy suppliant moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no worth discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save me from that endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are rejected,
And by bitter flames subjected,
Call me forth with Thine elected!

Low in supplication bending,
Heart as though with ashes blending;
Care for me when all is ending.

When on that dread day of weeping,
Guilty man in ashes sleeping
Wakes to his adjudication,
Save him, God! from condemnation!

From the Latin of THOMAS À CELANO.
Translation of JOHN A. DIX.

* General Dix's first translation of the "Dies Iræ" was made in 1863; the revised version (given above) appeared in 1875. Bayard Taylor wrote of the earlier one: "I have . . . heretofore sought in vain to find an adequate translation. Those which reproduced the spirit neglected the form, and *vice versa*. There can be no higher praise for yours than to say that it preserves both."

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love thee! not because
  I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because those who love thee not
  Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
  Upon the cross embrace!
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
  And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
  And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself,—and all for one
  That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
  Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
  Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
  Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
  O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
  And in thy praise will sing,—
Solely because thou art my God,
  And my eternal King.

From the Latin of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.
Translation of EDWARD CASWALL.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

[Sometimes attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. The better opinion, however, inclines to Pope Gregory I., called the Great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the sixth century.]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY.
Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

[Written in the tenth century by Robert II., the gentle son of Hugh Capet. It is often mentioned as second in rank to the *Dies Iræ*.]

COME, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!
From highest heaven on us down shine!
Comforter, be thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noonday heat,
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchèd souls thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;
O melt the frozen with thy rays;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
And hold the Faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with thee in lasting bliss!

From the Latin of KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE.

Translation of CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

O FIRE OF GOD, THE COMFORTER.

"O IGNIS SPIRITUS PARACLITI."

O FIRE of God, the Comforter, O life of all that live,
Holy art thou to quicken us, and holy, strength to give:
To heal the broken-hearted ones, their sorest wounds to bind,
O Spirit of all holiness, O Lover of mankind!
O sweetest taste within the breast, O grace upon us poured,
That saintly hearts may give again their perfume to the Lord.
O purest fountain! we can see, clear mirrored in thy streams,
That God brings home the wanderers, that God the lost redeems.
O breastplate strong to guard our life, O bond of unity,
O dwelling-place of righteousness, save all who trust in thee:
Defend those who in dungeon dark are prisoned by the foe,
And, for thy will is aye to save, let thou the captives go.
O surest way, that through the height and through the lowest deep
And through the earth dost pass, and all in firmest union keep;

From thee the clouds and ether move, from thee
the moisture flows,
From thee the waters draw their rills, and earth
with verdure glows,
And thou dost ever teach the wise, and freely on
them pour
The inspiration of thy gifts, the gladness of thy
lore.
All praise to thee, O joy of life, O hope and
strength, we raise,
Who givest us the prize of light, who art thyself
all praise.

From the Latin of ST. HILDEGARDE.
Translation of R. F. LITTLEDALE.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,—
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,—
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

HOPE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FROM "ANIMA MUNDI."

God is good,
And flight is destined for the callow wing,
And the high appetite implies the food,
And souls must reach the level whence they spring;
O Life of very life! set free our powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou, to whom old Philosophy bent low,
To the wise few mysteriously revealed;
Thou, whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field:
Once an idea, now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the human heart, descend, descend!

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON.

II.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
  Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
  That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
  The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
  When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
  That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
  The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
  Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
  And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
  The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gates of death—
  He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads—
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning's sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend the loved ones to his watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And he will give thee rest:—
Thy voice shall reach him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;—
When the loved, at home, again thou 'st met,
Then let the prayer arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrow share:
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure, bright dreams of heaven,—
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee—
In crowds or solitudes—in joy or care—
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

G. BENNETT.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,

To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand:
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful pair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;
Oh, what are earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down by the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length!
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of Heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on a prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And thou art sure to-morrow

Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless numbers;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessèd bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

PRAYER AND REPENTANCE.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 3.

The King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"
That cannot be: since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

. . . . . .

King (*rising*). My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

VERSIFIED FROM THOLUCK'S TRANSLATION OUT OF THE PERSIAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise, and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighting prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom:

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law; awake, and pray!"

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread.

For matters cannot well be worse
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse!'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 't was given
To guide each wandering foot to heaven.

Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow,—
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 't is true—O, ask not why,
For still to God I turn my eye.

It was a chance by which I fell,
Another takes me back from hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land;

Some kind act towards the race of men
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see,—
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black—queen, pawn,—'t is all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, "If this be so,
I know not, but thy guile I know;

For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive?

A sea of lies art thou,—our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the Caliph said, "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell then the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well,
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue;

And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,
Borne out of fault, should not be thine,

Preferring prayers elate with pride
To sin with penitence allied."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating;
Morning and light are coming in their beauty;
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty!

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, Father, of thy loving-kindness
Glory hereafter!

This, of his mercy, ever blessèd Godhead,
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us,—
Whom through the wide world celebrate forever
Blessing and glory!

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise;
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse: there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb destilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O, raise me then! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PRAYER.

O God! though sorrow be my fate,
And the world's hate
For my heart's faith pursue me,
My peace they cannot take away;
From day to day
Thou dost anew imbue me;
Thou art not far; a little while
Thou hid'st thy face, with brighter smile
Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done;
If I sink down
When men to terrors leave me,
Thy father-love still warms my breast;
All 's for the best;
Shall men have power to grieve me,
When bliss eternal is my goal,
And thou the keeper of my soul,
Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.
Christ Jesus, Lord,
Thou standest pitying by me,
And lookest on each grief of mine
And if 't were thine:
What, then, though foes may try me,
Though thorns be in my path concealed?
World, do thy worst! God is my shield!
And will be ever nigh me.

Translated from MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave, —
    Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
    Save, O, save!

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprize,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Make idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;

Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;—
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
O, set us free!

O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light brings no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;

Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, O, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that gain thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
  When all nature hails the Lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
  Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
  Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
  Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
  Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
  And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
  Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
  Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

PRAYER AND ANSWER.

O God, I cannot walk the Way,—
The thorns, the thirst, the darkness,
And bleeding feet and aching heart!
I hear the songs and revels of the throng,—
They sneer upon my downcast face with scorn,—
Yet, O my God, I *must* and shall walk with Thee!

O God, I cannot take the Truth!
Far easier honeyed hopes and falsehoods fair,
But Truth,—the Truth is stern and strong and
  awful.

It ploughs my soul with ploughshares flaming
hot,—
Yet give me Truth. I must have Truth, O God!

O God, I cannot live the Life,—
The flinging all to death that life may come;
The surging of Thy Spirit in my heart
In fire and flame will all consume me,—
Yet, O my God, I cannot live without Thee!

And as I agonized in dust and shame
With tears and sighs in all the bitter prayer,
I felt, as 't were, an arm that stole around me,
And raised me to my feet.
And at the touch, hope blossomed in my heart,
And new-found strength in flood-tides thrilled and
throbbed

Through soul and limbs. I looked to see. . . .
O tender lordly Face!
It was Himself,—*the Way, the Truth, the Life!*

OLIVER HUCKEL.

THE AIM.

O THOU who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of th' inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth,—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in Thy sight:—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive.
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE LOVE OF GOD SUPREME.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'T is mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee.
Yet while I seek but find thee not
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to-thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
  That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone,
  The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

Oh! hide this self from me, that I
  No more, but Christ in me, may live.
My vile affections crucify,
  Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
  To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
  Through all its latent mazes there.
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah! no; ne'er will I backward turn:
  Thine wholly, thine alone I am.
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
  Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
Oh! help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
  My heart, that lowly waits thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
  "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice.

From the German of GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skyey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it.
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,
Forgive its weakness!

We see thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE HIGHER GOOD.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

THEODORE PARKER.

ASCRIPTION.

O Thou who hast beneath Thy hand
The dark foundations of the land,—
The motion of whose ordered thought
An instant universe hath wrought,—

Who hast within Thine equal heed
The rolling sun, the ripening seed,
The azure of the speedwell's eye,
The vast solemnities of sky,—

Who hear'st no less the feeble note
Of one small bird's awakening throat,
Than that unnamed, tremendous chord
Arcturus sounds before his Lord,—

More sweet to Thee than all acclaim
Of storm and ocean, stars and flame,
In favor more before Thy face
Than pageantry of time and space,

The worship and the service be
Of him Thou madest most like Thee,—
Who in his nostrils hath Thy breath,
Whose spirit is the lord of death!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that thou art good.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

III.

FAITH: HOPE: LOVE: SERVICE.

FAITH.

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

Like as the armèd Knighte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world wil I fight,
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,
Which wil not faile at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And forces of Christes waye,
It wil prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

Faithe of the fathers olde
Obtainèd right witness,
Which makes me verye bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoice in harte,
And hope bides me do so;
For Christ wil take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wilt thou attende;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spight;
I set not by their hast,
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anker to let fall
For every drislinge mist;
My shippe's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet wil I shewe one sight,
That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justice shulde have sitte;
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,
As by the raginge floude;
Sathan, in his excess,
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE.

DOUBT AND FAITH.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," XCV.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
  Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
  Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
  In many a subtle question versed,
  Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
  At last he beat his music out.
  There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
  He would not make his judgment blind,
  He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
  And Power was with him in the night,
  Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
  As over Sinai's peaks of old,
  While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On him rely
Who fixed the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand!
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health,—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'T is for the best; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in thy hand!
Should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a friend,
Till time shall end
Unchangeably the same; in thee all beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand!
Many or few, my days
I leave with thee,—this only pray,
That by thy grace, I, every day

Devoting to thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome thee
Whene'er thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my friend.
If he is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'T will be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand!
To thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till thy command
Bids all the dead before thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding thee,
What bliss 't will be
With all thy saints to spend eternity!

To spend eternity
In heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling thee,—
O too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!
Haste! haste! my Lord, and soon transport me there!

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we joined; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm-united souls did more than twine:
So I my Best-Belovèd's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my Belovèd's mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE MYSTIC'S VISION

AH! I shall kill myself with dreams!
These dreams that softly lap me round
Through trance-like hours in which meseems
That I am swallowed up and drowned;

Drowned in your love, which flows o'er me
As o'er the seaweed flows the sea.

In watches of the middle night,
  'Twixt vesper and 'twixt matin bell,
With rigid arms and straining sight,
  I wait within my narrow cell;
With muttered prayers, suspended will,
I wait your advent—statue-still.

Across the convent garden walls
  The wind blows from the silver seas;
Black shadow of the cypress falls
  Between the moon-meshed olive-trees;
Sleep-walking from their golden bowers,
Flit disembodied orange flowers.

And in God's consecrated house,
  All motionless from head to feet,
My heart awaits her heavenly Spouse,
  As white I lie on my white sheet;
With body lulled and soul awake,
I watch in anguish for your sake.

And suddenly, across the gloom,
  The naked moonlight sharply swings;
A Presence stirs within the room,
  A breath of flowers and hovering wings:—
Your presence without form and void,
Beyond all earthly joys enjoyed.

My heart is hushed, my tongue is mute,
  My life is centred in your will;
You play upon me like a lute
  Which answers to its master's skill,

Till passionately vibrating,
Each nerve becomes a throbbing string.

Oh, incommunicably sweet!
  No longer aching and apart,
As rain upon the tender wheat,
  You pour upon my thirsty heart;
As scent is bound up in the rose,
Your love within my bosom glows.

MATHILDE BLIND.

THE CALL.

Come, my way, my truth, my life—
  Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife;
  Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength—
  Such a light as shows a feast;
Such a feast as mends in length;
  Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!
  Such a joy as none can move;
Such a love as none can part;
  Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HOPE.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE." *

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day,—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

. . . . .

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er,—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

* This poem was written when the author was but twenty-one years of age.

When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

. . . . .

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began,—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A QUERY.

Oh the wonder of our life,
Pain and pleasure, rest and strife,
Mystery of mysteries,
Set twixt two eternities!

Lo, the moments come and go,
E'en as sparks, and vanish so;
Flash from darkness into light,
Quick as thought are quenched in night.

With an import grand and strange
Are they fraught in ceaseless change
As they post away; each one
Stands eternally alone.

The scene more fair than words can say,
I gaze upon and go my way;
I turn, another glance to claim—
Something is changed, 't is not the same.

The purple flush on yonder fell,
The tinkle of that cattle-bell,
Came, and have never come before,
Go, and are gone forevermore.

Our life is held as with a vice,
We cannot do the same thing twice;
Once we may, but not again;
Only memories remain.

What if memories vanish too,
And the past be lost to view;
Is it all for nought that I
Heard and saw and hurried by?

Where are childhood's merry hours,
Bright with sunshine, crossed with showers?
Are they dead, and can they never
Come again to life forever?

No—'t is false, I surely trow;
Though awhile they vanish now;
Every passion, deed, and thought
Was not born to come to nought!

Will the past then come again,
Rest and pleasure, strife and pain,
All the heaven and all the hell?
Ah, we know not: God can tell.

GOOD WORDS.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
  Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
  Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
  She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
  Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
  In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bows him down
  Then most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On Saint John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened o'er and o'er again

Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learnèd clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps that glimmered, few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He gropèd towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke.
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed:
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,

An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SERVICE.

FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event"! Why "small"?
Costs it more pain than this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from
a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights
the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its
souls of pain,
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears
like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their
golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark
abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last
the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-
wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with
faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a
smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame
whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered
into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to
the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who
sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft
than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice
Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier
joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of
sin forgiven!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SELF-EXILED.

THERE came a soul to the gate of Heaven
Gliding slow—
A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,
And white as snow:
And the angels all were silent.

A mystic light beamed from the face
Of the radiant maid,
But there also lay on its tender grace
A mystic shade:
And the angels all were silent.

As sunlit clouds by a zephyr borne
Seem not to stir,
So to the golden gates of morn
They carried her:
And the angels all were silent.

"Now open the gate, and let her in,
And fling it wide,

For she has been cleansed from stain of sin,"
Saint Peter cried:
And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"
She answered low,
"I came not hither to enter in,
Nor may I go:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come," she said, "to the pearly door,
To see the Throne
Where sits the Lamb on the Sapphire Floor,
With God alone:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come to hear the new song they sing
To Him that died,
And note where the healing waters spring
From His pierced side:"
And the angels all were silent.

"But I may not enter there," she said,
"For I must go
Across the gulf where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe:"
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not pass
To where they be,
Though the wail of their bitter pain, alas!
Tormenteth me:"
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not speak
My soul's desire
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I had a brother, and also another
Whom I loved well;
What if, in anguish, they curse each other
In the depths of hell?"
And the angels all were silent.

"How could I touch the golden harps,
When all my praise
Would be so wrought with grief-full warps
Of their sad days?"
And the angels all were silent.

"How love the loved who are sorrowing,
And yet be glad?
How sing the songs ye are fain to sing,
While I am sad?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Oh, clear as glass in the golden street
Of the city fair,
And the tree of life it maketh sweet
The lightsome air:"
And the angels all were silent.

"And the white-robed saints with their crowns and palms
Are good to see,

And oh, so grand are the sounding psalms!
But not for me:"
And the angels all were silent.

"I come where there is no night," she said,
"To go away,
And help, if I yet may help, the dead
That have no day."
And the angels all were silent.

Saint Peter he turned the keys about,
And answered grim:
"Can you love the Lord and abide without,
Afar from Him?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Can you love the Lord who died for you,
And leave the place
Where His glory is all disclosed to view,
And tender grace?"
And the angels all were silent.

"They go not out who come in here;
It were not meet:
Nothing they lack, for He is here,
And bliss complete."
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
"By pitying less
The sinful living or woful dead
In their helplessness?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker Christ were I
To love no more
The loved, who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Did He not hang on the cursèd tree,
And bear its shame,
And clasp to His heart, for love of me,
My guilt and blame?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this,
Singing all day with the Seraphim,
In selfish bliss?"
And the angels all were silent.

The Lord Himself stood by the gate,
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle and meek:
And the angels all were silent.

Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs:
And the angels all were silent.

And He said, "Now will I go with you,
Dear child of love,
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In heaven above:"
And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear,
They who are worst but need me most,
And all are dear:"
And the angels were not silent.

WALTER C. SMITH.

SYMPATHY.

FROM "ION," ACT I. SC. 2.

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 't will fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
  I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
  The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
  And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
  I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
  I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
  Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
  On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!
  My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
  And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
  Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
  The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
  And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
  And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
  No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessèd forms in whistling storms
  Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touched, and turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words; the thoughts control
  That o'er thee swell and throng;—
They will condense within thy soul,
  And change to purpose strong.

SIR GALAHAD

But he who lets his feelings run
  In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
  And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
  Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
  Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SANTA FILOMENA.

[FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.]

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts, in glad surprise,
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
  The trenches cold and damp,
  The starved and frozen camp,

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN THE AIR.

The scent of a blossom from Eden!
  The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
  As it passed, on its way to thee!

In my soul is a lingering music:
  The song was not meant for me,
But I listen, and listen, and wonder
  To whom it can lovelier be.

The sounds and the scents that flow by us—
  They cannot tell whither they go;
Yet, however it fails of its errand,
  Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

I know that love never is wasted,
  Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
  Must live, as a joy in the air.

The best of all God's blessings
  Are caught upon the wing,
And then set free into the heaven
  Of other hearts, to sing.

Our message brought no answer,—
  Our dream did not come true;
But we have freshened weary lives
  In ways we never knew.

LUCY LARCOM.

SOGGARTH AROON.

'Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?*
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you*,
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blasts did bite,
Soggarth aroon,

* Priest, dear.

Came to my cabin-door,
And on my earthen-floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friends only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon;
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon!
Our love they 'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

JOHN BANIM.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Prelude to Part First.

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
  Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
  Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
  We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
  Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
  'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
    sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
  The breeze comes whispering in our ear
  That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
  'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
    What wonder if Sir Launfal now
    Remember the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

"MY golden spurs now bring to me,
  And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
  In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right.
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launful came;

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
  For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
  Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
  And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
  So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:—
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
  It carried a shiver everywhere
  From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window slits of the castle old,
  Build out its piers of ruddy light
  Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
  From his shining feathers shed off the cold
    sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sigh he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—" I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight

As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful
Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said:—
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall

As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
  No longer scowl the turrets tall.
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there 's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glowed in her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de
  Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for her suffering race;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,

Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead;
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crownèd head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease:
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined:
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain!
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men;
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

GERALD JOSEPH GRIFFIN.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
  Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
  And waits my spirit, too;
For all the ties that bind me,
For all the tasks assigned me,
And bright hopes left behind me,
  And good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
  Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
  And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
  And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
  With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
  'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
And, wiser from conviction,
  Fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
  By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
  And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

LOVE.

If suddenly upon the street
My gracious Saviour I should meet,
And he should say, "As I love thee,
What love hast thou to offer me?"
Then what could this poor heart of mine
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thought would know;
And if I said, "I love thee, Lord,"
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved him well.

If on the day or in the place
Wherein he met me face to face,
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun
For his dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

IV.

SABBATH: WORSHIP: CREED.

SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

From the near city comes the clang of bells:
Their hundred jarring diverse tones combine
In one faint misty harmony, as fine
As the soft note yon winter robin swells.
What if to Thee in thine infinity
These multiform and many-colored creeds
Seem but the robe man wraps as masquers' weeds
Round the one living truth thou givest him—
Thee?
What if these varied forms that worship prove,
Being heart-worship, reach thy perfect ear
But as a monotone, complete and clear,
Of which the music is, through Christ's name,
love?
Forever rising in sublime increase
To "Glory in the highest,—on earth peace"?

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

SABBATH HYMN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the temple of shapeliest mould,
Polished with marble and gleaming with gold,
Piled upon pillars of slenderest grace,
But here in the blue sky's luminous face,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the organ's melodious wave
Dies 'neath the rafters that narrow the nave,
But here with the free wind's wandering sweep,
Here with the billow that booms from the deep,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the pale-faced multitude meet
In the sweltering lane and the dun-visaged street,
But here where bright ocean, thick sown with green isles,
Feeds the glad eye with a harvest of smiles,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the strength of the old granite Ben
Towers o'er the greenswarded grace of the glen,
Where the birch flings its fragrance abroad on the hill,
And the bee of the heather-bloom wanders at will,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Here where the loch, the dark mountain's fair daughter,
Down the red scaur flings the white-streaming water,
Leaping and tossing and swirling forever,
Down to the bed of the smooth-rolling river,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
Not where the voice of a preacher instructs you,
Not where the hand of a mortal conducts you,

But where the bright welkin in scripture of glory
Blazons creation's miraculous story,
Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!
The wind and the welkin, the sun and the river,
Weaving a tissue of wonders forever;
The mead and the mountain, the flower and the tree,
What is their pomp, but a vision of thee,
Wonderful Lord?

Praise ye the Lord!
Not in the square-hewn, many-tiered pile,
Not in the long-drawn, dim-shadowed aisle,
But where the bright world, with age never hoary,
Flashes her brightness and thunders his glory,
Praise ye the Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn:
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;

The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,—
So smiled that day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

FROM "THE SABBATH."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose circling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dovelike wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on
man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's
cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, imbosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
  From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
  To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
  The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
  Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
  A God of purity!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

VESPER HYMN.

Now, on sea and land descending,
  Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
  With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
  Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
  Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
  To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
  At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! éternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

VESPER HYMN.

THE day is done; the weary day of thought and toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last:
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
In thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment finds, and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'erarching skies,
And to thy firmament of love lift up these longing eyes;
And, folded by thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on new life and power;
Oh, let thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life be born,
Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless thy smile I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on thee my soul is cast;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be thou my First and Last!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The word is thine,—
Be thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;

New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Intwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn,—
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess thee God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er,—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord!
Shall these glad things arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wandering eyes?

That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE WORD.

O Word of God incarnate,
  O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
  O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
  That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
  Shines on from age to age.

The Church from thee, her Master,
  Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
  O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
  Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
  Of, thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
  Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
  Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
  That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
  Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time;
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime!
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born!

How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stains the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line:
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her historic fame,
Though far away my birth,

Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam,
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,
From the pillar of stone to the blue of the blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China,"
and "Mear."

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said.
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at
"York";
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that
he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork;
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and
God!
Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining
road,—
Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,—

But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned choir,
To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!

Oh, I need not a wing—bid no genii come
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time,
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its rhyme—
Where the streams of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of the sparrow—

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church, and the old village choir,
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent, till he ran the tune down;
And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!

To the land of the leal they have gone with their
song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessèd song, blessèd singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them."—*Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,
O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why we cannot understand:
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies;
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

FROM "IVANHOE."

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,

Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,
  Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips
  In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
  Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
  Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
  Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
  Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
  Than the fresh flowers of earth,
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
  Where odors have their birth.

Each word of thine a gem
  From the celestial mines,
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
  Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, thine, this book, though given
  In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
  Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs
  From this world's wisdom vain;
No filling up from human wells,
  Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,
  Nor brilliance from its gold;
It sparkles with its own glad light,
  As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen,
  With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
  Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
  Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
  It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
  Without or change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
  The church's heritage.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE MEETING.

The elder folk shook hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air;
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene

Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less he owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude,—
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,
A flavor of its many springs,
The tints of earth and sky it brings;
In the still waters needs must be
Some shade of human sympathy;
And here, in its accustomed place,

I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eyes save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The peace of simple trust to gain,
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face,—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet!
Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread
Is in the paths where Jesus led;
Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath dream

By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
And, of the hymns of hope and faith,
Sung by the monks of Nazareth,
Hears pious echoes, in the call
To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,
Repeating where His works were wrought
The lesson that her Master taught,
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave!

"I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
No cool philosophy to teach
Its bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters,
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit hammered by the fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown

Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that 's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host

The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart: in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good,
And, chiefly, its divinest trace
In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
That to be saved is only this,—

Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;
That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice,
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of penitence,
But love's unforced obedience;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—
The blessèd means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear,
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, He lives to-day."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Nor in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:

Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.

Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OF HYM THAT TOGYDER WYLL SERVE TWO MAYSTERS.

A FOLE he is and voyde of reason
  Whiche with one hounde tendyth to take
Two harys in one instant and season;
  Rightso is he that wolde undertake
  Hym to two lordes a servaunt to make;
For whether that he be lefe or lothe,
The one he shall displease, or els bothe.

A fole also he is withouten doute,
  And in his porpose sothly blyndyd sore,
Which doth entende labour or go aboute
  To serve god, and also his wretchyd store
  Of worldly ryches: for as I sayde before,
He that togyder will two maysters serve
Shall one displease and nat his love deserve.

For he that with one hounde wol take also
  Two harys togyther in one instant
For the moste parte doth the both two forgo,
  And if he one have: harde it is and skant
  And that blynd fole mad and ignorant
That draweth thre boltis atons* in one bowe
At one marke shall shote to[o] high or to[o] lowe.

He that his mynde settyth god truly to serve
  And his sayntes: this worlde settynge at nought
Shall for rewarde everlastynge joy deserve,
  But in this worlde he that settyth his thought
  All men to please, and in favour to be brought,
Must lout and lurke, flater, laude, and lye:
And cloke in knavys counseyll, though it fals be.

. . . . . .

Wherfore I may prove by these examples playne
  That it is better more godly and plesant
To leve this mondayne casualte and payne
  And to thy maker one god to be servaunt.
  Which whyle thou lyvest shall nat let the want
That thou desyrest justly, for thy syrvyce,
And than after gyve the, the joyes of Paradyse.

From the German of SEBASTIAN BRANDT.
Translation of ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

* At once.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way,
For he was blind.
And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;

Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs;
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him,
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

JOHN HAY.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears,
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate—folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
  Be our joys three parts pain!
  Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
    the throe!

  For thence—a paradox
  Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
  What I aspired to be,
  And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
    i' the scale.

  What is he but a brute
  Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want
    play?
  To man, propose this test—
  Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone
    way?

  Yet gifts should prove their use:
  I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
  Eyes, ears took in their dole,
  Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once, "How good to
    live and learn?"

  Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
  I see the whole design,

I, who saw Power, shall see Love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new:
  Fearless and unperplexed,
  When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

  Youth ended, I shall try
  My gain or loss thereby;
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
  And I shall weigh the same,
  Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being
    old.

  For note, when evening shuts,
  A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
  A whisper from the west
  Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

  So, still within this life,
  Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
  "This rage was right i' the main,
  That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the
    Past."

  For more is not reserved
  To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
  Here, work enough to watch
  The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true
    play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive:
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast; why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
  What entered into thee,
  That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay
    endure.

  He fixed thee 'mid this dance
  Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
  Machinery just meant
  To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
    pressed.

  What though the earlier grooves
  Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
  What though, about thy rim,
  Scull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

  Look not thou down, but up!
  To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
  The new wine's foaming flow,
  The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou
    with earth's wheel?

  But I need, now as then,
  Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

FROM "HUDIBRAS," PART I.

He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle:
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;

The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.

The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

"Be, rather than be called, a child of God,"
Death whispered!—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
The baby bowed, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest
Possessor, not inheritor.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"Religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good."—SWEDENBORG.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed.
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silent in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves,—a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;

And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.
What was his creed—
What his belief?

ANONYMOUS.

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.
Now within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;
And, strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams,—
Does this wonderful toad in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with light,
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around:

Long years have passed by since its bed became dry,
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the sky
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming his lamp,
And hardly a sound from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,
The shade is too black for a flower;
And jewel-winged birds with their musical hum,
Never flash in the night of that bower;
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the brake,
Lies amid the rank grass, half asleep, half awake;
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its trail,
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;—

Their stream may go dry, and the wheels cease to ply,
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored guest,
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;
For no progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,
And the world 's standing still with all of their kind;
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone,
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

HER CREED.

She stood before a chosen few,
With modest air and eyes of blue;
A gentle creature, in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

"You wish to join our fold," they said:
"Do you believe in all that's read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need?"

A troubled look was in her eyes;
She answered, as in vague surprise,

As though the sense to her were dim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life; how, oft she stood,
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,
Sweet as the voice of singing bird;
Her hand been open in distress;
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

Creeds change as ages come and go;
We see by faith, but little know:
Perchance the sense was not so dim
To her who "strove to follow Him."

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
  Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 't is on the rounds
  Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
  A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;

Where centre is not—can there be
  Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
  Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
  Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
  That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or the sweet confidence of sighs
  And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
  Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
  Of ragged flowers.

'T is not the wide phylactery,
  Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints: we judge the tree
  By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
  From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
  Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers
  Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
  The vesper hymn was done;

The shadow fell from roof and arch,
  Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
  Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
  Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death
  Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
  And chose the better part?"—
What voice came through the sacred air?—
  "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have not I laid before thy shrine
  My wealth, O Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
  To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
  And vain delights depart?"—
But sad and tender was the voice,—
  "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
  Where thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
  O Lord, thou know'st it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
  My hand bids care depart" :—
More sad, more tender was the voice,—
  "*My child, give me thy heart!*"

"Have I not worn my strength away
  With fast and penance sore?

Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;
"Did thy dear saints do more?
Have I not gained thy grace, O Lord,
And won in heaven my part?"—
It echoed louder in her soul,—
"*My child, give me thy heart!*

"For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep my saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, as the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried,—
"Lord, help me to obey!
Break thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be thine and thine alone,
Let none with thee have part.

"Send down, O Lord, thy sacred fire!
  Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths:
  Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame thy saints have known,
  Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest forever,
  And all the rest in thee."

The blessing fell upon her soul;
  Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come;
  Her soul was purified;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
  Dim was the incensed air,—
But peace went with her as she left
  The sacred Presence there!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

O, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!

O, MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.
  So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,

Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!

So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS (*George Eliot*).

O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW GOOD.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," LIII.

O YET we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night:
  An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

DAY BREAKS.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower,
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

"The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But I yet see on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower,—
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know must shine.

"I see not well,—the moon is cloudy still,—
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow."

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace:

The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim; the morning
breaks."

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower:
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest: many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!

"I see the hill-tops now, and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

Again, again, O watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

"I hope, but cannot tell; I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? does the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
Filled with the glories of the future time?

"He prophesies,—his heart is full; his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day;
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When error shall decay, and truth grow strong,
And light shall rule supreme and conquer wrong?

"He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall cease, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? Dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it; tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

"It breaks! it comes! the misty shadows fly:
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear,
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

CHARLES MACKAY.

MY HOME.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR A HOUSE IN THE GREEN PARISH OF DEVONSHIRE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie,
Both soft and drie;

Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by the poore,
Who hither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen 's small;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose loving coals I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those and my belovèd beet
More sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink,

Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And gives me for my bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one.
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame for wine.
All these and better thou dost send
Me to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfulle heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave;
And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat.

I will search out the matter."
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,—
The crown-imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein,—
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:

Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

PEACE.

Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet calm?
The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed;
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,
Nor power to flee: my present, future, past,
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast
In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet:
Then bent me to the storm, if such his will.
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, "Peace, be still!"

And there was calm! O Saviour, I have proved
That thou to help and save art really near:
How else this quiet rest from grief and fear
And all distress? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But, leaning on thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed thy peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim thy peace. But thou hast died,
I know that this is true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough! and now
All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,
And feel that thou art near, and know that I am blest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—
But you must come to draw.

They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;—
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE S. SPENCER.

DEVOTION.

The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,
Offered in ostentation.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

THE SEASIDE WELL.

"Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off."—LAMENTATIONS iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea-tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside
To wild-flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And mid its pebbles strayed,
As if it thought to join a happy brook
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more,
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered when the salt sea-tide
Withdrew its wave;
And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone,
Still as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,
Its heart had folded deep
Within itself, and quiet fancies led,
As in a sleep;
Till, when the ocean loosed his heavy chain,
And gave it back to day,
Calmly it turned to its own life again
And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life
Deep from the nether springs,
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil mid the strife,
Of surface things.
Safe—for the sources of the nether springs
Up in the far hills lie;
Calm—for the life its power and freshness brings
Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin
Roll in its whelming flood,
Make strong the fountain of thy grace within
My soul, O God!
If bitter scorn, and looks, once kind, grown strange,
With crushing chillness fall,
From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change
My heart to gall!

When sore thy hand doth press, and waves of thine
Afflict me like a sea,—
Deep calling deep,—infuse from source divine
Thy peace in me!

And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,
Over my soul doth pour,
Let hope survive,—a well that springeth up
Forevermore!

Above my head the waves may come and go,
Long brood the deluge dire,
But life lies hidden in the depths below
Till waves retire,—
Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,
At length withdraw its sway,
And life rise sparkling in the sight of God
An endless day.

ANONYMOUS.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
  That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
  Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
  I shall see Him, and I will wait.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done,—the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
  And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
  A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—
  Let 's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
  As flits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
  That fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts
  A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I 'd say the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
  Are but repeated in our age;
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain, than those of men,—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive
  Not less nor more as men than boys,—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
  As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
  May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
  I 'd say how fate may change and shift,—

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
  The race not always to the swift:
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
  The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
  The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
  Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
  Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
  That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
  That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,—
  Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
  Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
  To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
  Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
  And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,—
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead,—
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE NEW YEAR.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," CV.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
  The flying cloud, the frosty light:
  The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
  Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
  For those that here we see no more;
  Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
  And ancient forms of party strife;
  Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
  The faithless coldness of the times;
  Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
  The civic slander and the spite;
  Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
  Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
  Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LIFE.

It is not life upon thy gifts to live,
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee;
And when the sun and showers their bounties give,
To send out thick-leaved limbs; a fruitful tree
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,
Whose spreading boughs a friendly shelter rear,
And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near.
Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,
For 't is the Father spreads the pure repast,
Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,
Which at his bounteous board must ever last;
And, as the more we to his children lend,
The more to us doth of his bounty send.

JONES VERY.

SELECTIONS

FROM PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE POET'S THEME.

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

BOOK IX.

THE TEMPTATION.

THE Sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
By night he fled, and at midnight returned
From compassing the Earth;

. . . . . .

The orb he roamed
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Considered every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake

Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

. . . . . .

For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glowed.

. . . . . .

"She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods.
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the enemy of mankind, inclosed
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Addressed his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier.

. . . . . .

So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning; and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turned at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
"Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have feared
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,

Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admired; but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen
A goddess among gods, adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train."
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,

. . . . . .

[*After some discourse, the Tempter praises the Tree of Knowledge.*]

So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter, all impassioned, thus began.
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touched and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attained than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God: not feared then, nor obeyed:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can
bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

THE FALL.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregned
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use

Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat:

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge: nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death.

BOOK XI.

INTERCESSION AND REDEMPTION.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds

Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.
"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him; me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered though sad; till death his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him: where with me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endowed; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed."

EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods; where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

EVE TO ADAM.

WITH sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation, yet secure,
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

BOOK XII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

IN either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.

Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them
soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

V.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

DUTY.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove—
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not;
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
  No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
  Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
  may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
  Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
  But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
  The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
  As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
  fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
  I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
  Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SELF-INQUIRY.

Let not soft slumber close my eyes,
Before I 've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I 've been,
From all I have heard, from all I 've seen?
What know I more that 's worth the knowing?
What have I done that 's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE THREE ENEMIES.

THE FLESH.

"Sweet, thou art pale."
"More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bore his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."
"Beneath a rod
More heavy Christ for my sake trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."
"Not so Christ:
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For strength, salvation, eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."
"If I bleed,
His feet have bled: yea, in my need
His heart once bled for mine indeed."

THE WORLD.

"Sweet, thou art young."
"So he was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the cross with passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."
"He was more fair
Than men, who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."
"Daily bread:
All else is his; who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay his head."

"And life is sweet."
"It was not so
To him, whose cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe."

THE DEVIL.

"Thou drinkest deep."
"When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup;
So how should I be lifted up?"

"Thou shalt win glory."
"In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes,
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have knowledge."
"Helpless dust,
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer thou for me, Wise and Just."

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

SAID I NOT SO?

SAID I not so,—that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do?—make vows and break them still?
'T will be but labor lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,

Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou may'st
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call.
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds:
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand before him, humbled, mute;
Waiting the words he breathes,—
"Nothing but leaves?"

LUCY R. AKERMAN.

THE WORLD.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."—JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear,
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

The cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might
be,—
Why is it? why is it? Oh, answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made thee of
old;
Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy love
grown cold;
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old
world!
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old
world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have his own way;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish saith,
  But none, "There is no sorrow";
And nature oft the cry of faith
  In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
  By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
  Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
  The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
  As help were in the human:
Yet while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
  We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
  No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
  Earth feels new scythes upon her:

We reap our brothers for the wains,
  And call the harvest, honor,—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
  One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
  Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
                Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town,
  And never a bell is tolling:
And corpses jostled 'neath the moon,
  Nod to the dead-cart's rolling.
The young child calleth for the cup—
  The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
  And shrieks away its sleeping.
                Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strides far and near,
  And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
  Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
  We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
  And marked, like sheep, with figures.
                Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
  The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
  Like more of Death's White Horses:

The rich preach "rights" and future days,
  And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
  On corn-ships in the offing.
                Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
  To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the winecup lest
  Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
  "It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
  As sad in naming sorrow?
                Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
  The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
  "And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
  The voice is low and breathless—
"Till death us part!"—O words, to be
  Our *best* for love the deathless!
                Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
  Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lids that said
  Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,
  And yet to feel so lonely!—

To see a light upon such brows,
  Which is the daylight only!
                Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,
  And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
  When we were in their places?
We cannot speak:—we see anew
  The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
  The kisses she is giving.
                Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,
  For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
  We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee—
  Its spirit bright before thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
  Without the rest of glory!
                Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
  The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
  With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
  In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
  Recoil from their own terrors.
                Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
  Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
  The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
  When hope and health were strong;
But now it is the churchyard grass,
  We look upon the longest.
                Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
  Men whisper, "He is dying":
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
  We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
  Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
  The Son adjures the Father—
                BE PITIFUL, O GOD.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—LUKE xxii. 31.

IN Saint Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
  Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
  Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green, and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

ANONYMOUS.

DIFFERENT MINDS.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
  And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
  In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
  And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
  How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

MY RECOVERY.

RECOVERY,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
  The Lord of life and death
  Sent thee from heaven to me!
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
  Death had with iron foot
  My chilly forehead pressed.

'T is true, I then had wandered where the earths
Roll around suns; had strayed along the paths
Where the maned comet soars
Beyond the armèd eye;
And with the rapturous, eager greet had hailed
The inmates of those earths and of those suns;
Had hailed the countless host
That throng the comet's disc;
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;
Had learned in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Required me to begin.
Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!

From the German of FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.
Translation of W. TAYLOR.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents,
  Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
  That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
  And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
  The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
  Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
  That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
  The action of the nobler will:—

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
  The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
  Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

"CARRY me across!"
The Syrian heard, rose up, and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
  But life is little loss.

"I 'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring

DINA M. MULOCK CRAIK

In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."
"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou look'st, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence *Christopheros* be!
For carrying thou hast carried Me,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw,—not the wandering boy,
But him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

Oh, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,

If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore,—
To carry thee across.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

When wards are weak and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers most think though they repine,—
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by;
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The martin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high-growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,

Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, IT is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
  As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
  The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
  To ill with greater ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
  Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
  The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
  Is most invisible.

Blest, is he who can divine
  Where the real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin!

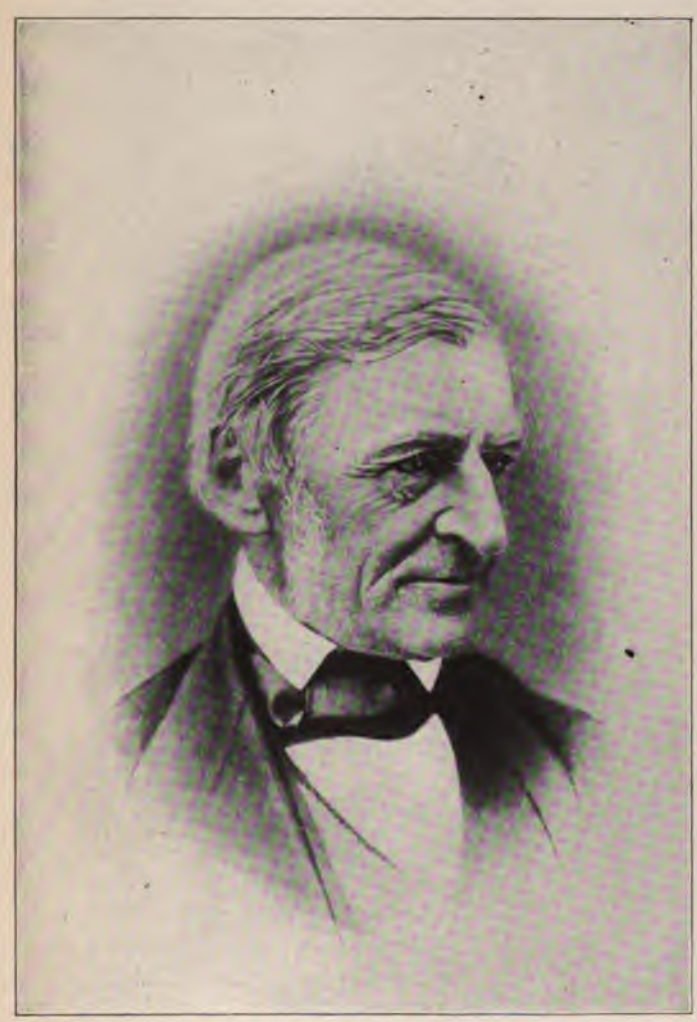
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE COST OF WORTH.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

THUS is it all over the earth!
  That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
    Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
  And gluts the laggard forges;



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide within the sand
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river,
But pearls come singly from the brine
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
And Cost of Worth has ever been
The closest neighbor.

. . . . .

All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place
Upon its hills of pleasure,
Must give it all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure.

. . . . .

Up the broad stairs that Value rears
Stand motives beck'ning earthward,
To summon men to nobler spheres,
And lead them worthward.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
  And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
    And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
  As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
    As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
  In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
    Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
  What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
    The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
  Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
    Forever, till thus checked;—

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
  They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
    And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
  The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
    Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'t is but dust;
  Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
    Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
  True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then; that thy little span
    Of life may be well trod.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast,—to keep
  The larder lean,
    And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that 's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH."

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

. . . . .

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power),
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small;
Constancie knits the bones, and make us stowre,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

. . . . .

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.
Wisdome's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing;
Nothing, with labor; folly, long a doing.

. . . . .

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state;
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O, be drest!

Stay not for th' other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose
about thee.

. . . . .

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if *all* want
sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BRIEFS.

WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high, and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

"TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY."

Two went to pray? O, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye;

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
  The fiery winds of Desolation flow;
Father of vengeance, that with purple feet
  Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
  Till thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
  The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
  An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
  And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
  The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,
  Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,
  For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad City lift her crownless head,
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
In streets where broods the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves.
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender prattling boy
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns
on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into
a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breath
its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life besides.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet 't was new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE RISE OF MAN.

THOU for whose birth the whole creation yearned
Through countless ages of the morning world,
Who, first in fiery vapors dimly hurled,
Next to the senseless crystal slowly turned,
Then to the plant which grew to something more,—
Humblest of creatures that draw breath of life,—
Wherefrom through infinites of patient pain
Came conscious man to reason and adore:
Shall we be shamed because such things have been,
Or bate one jot of our ancestral pride?
Nay, in thyself art thou not deified
That from such depths thou couldst such summits win?
While the long way behind is prophecy
Of those perfections which are yet to be.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT DIVINE.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine.
  That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
  How God doth make his enemies his friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,
  But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but he,
  And willingly to suffer mercy's rod,—
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
  For all estates within the state of grace,
That careful love might never know despair,
  Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
  Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
  To child and servant due obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
  Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
  And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

THE pastor sits in his easy-chair,
  With the Bible upon his knee.
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
  Are changing momently;
The shadows lie in the valleys below,
  And hide in the curtain's fold;
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
  "I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
  The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone was shadowless,
  No night was without its star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
  The portion of his cup:
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
  "In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thoughts over many a field
  Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
  And now it halts at a tomb;

Young faces smile in his reverie,
  Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
  With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
  And faltering lips, he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
  To the waiting multitude;
He walks again to the house of God
  With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
  Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
  And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the shop of the artisan;
  He sits, where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
  But who to-day are the poor,
And who are the rich? Ask him who keeps
  The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
  With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide,
  When Santa Claus stalks in.
Once more he lists while the camp-fire roars
  On the distant mountain-side,
Or, proving apostleship, plies the brook
  Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
  To the altar slowly move,

And the solemn words are said that seal
  The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
  The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white-robed cherub crowing response
  To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels again;
  Again, the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
  Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that break
  Lies heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry,
  And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
  Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
  With the winds from a far-off shore.
For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
  That is given him to keep,—
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
  And weep with them that weep."

It is not in vain that he has trod
  This lonely and toilsome way.
It is not in vain that he has wrought
  In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
  And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way,
  And brighten the homeward road.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand

Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blackness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a domèd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
  And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
  In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
  May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
  With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
  May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
  And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
  With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
  The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

TO THE UNCO GUID.

"My son, these maxims make a rule
And lump them aye thegither:
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."
—SOLOMON, *Ecclesiastes* vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye 've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's fauts and folly:—
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapèt happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
For glaikit Folly's portals!
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?

Discount what scant occasion gave
  That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
  Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
  Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
  That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
  Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
  It makes an unco leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
  All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
  Debauchery and Drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
  The eternal consequences;
Or your mortal dreaded hell to state,
  Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
  Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
  Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
  A treacherous inclination,—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
  Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman;

Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
  To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
  How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
  Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord,—its various tone,
  Each spring,—its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

STONE THE WOMAN, LET THE MAN GO FREE.

YES, stone the woman, let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance may touch
Her garment as she passes; but to him
Put forth a willing hand to clasp with his
That led her to destruction and disgrace.
Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,
That she no more may win an honest meal;
But ope to him all honorable paths
Where he may win distinction; give to him
Fair, pressed-down measures of life's sweetest joys.
Pass her, O maiden, with a pure, proud face,

If she puts out a poor, polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,
And swear to cling to him with wifely love
And tender reverence. Trust him who led
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be
On that strange day of fire and flame,
When men shall wither with a mystic fear,
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?
Shall sex make *then* a difference in sin?
Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart,
In His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

ANONYMOUS.

IN PRISON.

God pity the wretched prisoners,
  In their lonely cells to-day!
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
  God pity them! still I say.

Only a strip of sunshine,
  Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure,
  Only a cluster of stars;

Only a barren future,
  To starve their hope upon;
Only stinging memories
  Of a past that's better gone;

Only scorn from women,
  Only hate from men,
Only remorse to whisper
  Of a life that might have been.

Once they were little children,
  And perhaps their unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
  Toward the golden street;

Therefore, if in life's forest
  They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
  God pity them! still I say.

O mothers gone to heaven!
  With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
  On the failure of your task.

For even in those mansions
  The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
  Would wipe them from your eyes!

And you, who judge so harshly,
  Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
  Might not have bruised your own?

Are you sure the sad-faced angel
  Who writes our errors down
Will ascribe to you more honor
  Than him on whom you frown?

Or, if a steadier purpose
  Unto your life is given;
A stronger will to conquer,
  A smoother path to heaven;

If, when temptations meet you,
  You crush them with a smile;
If you can chain pale passion
  And keep your lips from guile;

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
  Remembering, as you go,
'T was not your own endeavor
  That shaped your nature so;

And sneer not at the weakness
  Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen,
  God loves the best of all!

And pray for the wretched prisoners
  All over the land to-day,
That a holy hand in pity
  May wipe their guilt away.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience—
Good-bye for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away:
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace:
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face;"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,—
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

FOUND WANTING.

Belshazzar had a letter,—
He never had but one;
Belshazzar's correspondent
Concluded and begun
In that immortal copy
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation's wall.

EMILY DICKINSON.

DALLYING WITH TEMPTATION.

FROM THE FIRST PART OF "WALLENSTEIN," ACT III. SC. 4.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*). Is it possible?
Is 't so? I *can* no longer what I *would!*
No longer draw back at my liking! I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thought of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty clear beside me—but
One little step and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind one, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EASY TO DRIFT.

Easy to drift to the open sea,
The tides are eager and swift and strong,
And whistling and free are the rushing winds,—
But O, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,
To free from his jar the evil sprite
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size,—
But O, nevermore can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in an English tale,
To fashion a Frankenstein, body and soul,
And breathe in his bosom a breath of life,—
But O, we create what we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,
Easy to hurt what we cannot heal,
Easy to rouse what we cannot soothe,
Easy to speak what we do not feel,
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,
Easy to think that fancy is fate,—
And O, the wisdom that comes too late!

OLIVER HUCKEL.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY.

FROM "A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS."

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun

Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

CONSCIENCE.

FROM SATIRE XIII.

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,
Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
Received for answer from the lips divine,—
"That he who doubted to restore his trust,
And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
The deepest vengeance of the powers above."
The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
Ere long no branch of that devoted race
Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.
  If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,
His tasteless food he indolently turns;
On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now

Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!
While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
If care permit the brief repose at last,
Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
Before him flits thy aggravated form!
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In their distempered frame if fever keep,
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
At bold offenders in this nether world!
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
Or is there victim than itself more vile?
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

From the Latin of JUVENAL.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING: GUINEVERE."

THE Queen looked up, and said,
"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart, that I may weep."
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!
O, let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! Ye cannot enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, wept the sad Queen.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
  I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
  Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
  Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
  Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
  Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
  Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
  Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
  Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
  And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
  The one availing name.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of W. J. FOX.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
  My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
  My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven,
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
            There will I kiss
            The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
            I 'll take them first
            To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
            At those clear wells
            Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we 'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head:
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
  In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
  The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
  Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
  Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
  Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
  Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE FAITHFUL ANGEL.

FROM "PARADISE LOST," BOOK V.

The seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence fearèd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

LOW SPIRITS.

Fever and fret and aimless stir
  And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things,
  Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
  And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
  The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke:
  The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
  Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
  Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
  Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
  Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
  Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work
  As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
  And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought
  Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
  And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,
  Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time,
  Most musically rung.

'T is not his justice or his power,
  Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
  Of the eternal God.

It is not of his wondrous works,
  Not even that he is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
  Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!
  That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
  In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
  When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
  Of humble melancholy.

I bless thee, Lord, for this kind check
To spirits over free!
More helpless need of thee!
And for all things that make me feel

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

I SAW THEE.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

I saw thee when, as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung,
Thy still retreat to all unknown,
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above
  Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
  With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
  With firm and peaceful soul depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee,—doubt it not,—
  And read the secrets of thy heart!

RAY PALMER.

LOSSE IN DELAYES.

SHUN delayes, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
  Good is best when soonest wrought,
  Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoyse up sayle while gale doth last,
Tide and winde stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speede is wisdome's leasure.
  After-wits are dearely bought,
  Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behind his scalpe is naked.
  Workes adjourned have many stayes,
  Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice.
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Breake ill eggs ere they be hatchèd:
Kill bad chickens in the tread;
Fledged, they hardly can be catchèd:
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling;
Custome kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength prevailing:
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Agèd trees do breake with bending;
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happie man that soon doth knocke,
Babel's babes against the rocke.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below
  Tempests and winds and winter nights!
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;
  That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
  Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,
  Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
  At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
  Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

PATIENCE.

SHE hath no beauty in her face
  Unless the chastened sweetness there,
And meek long-suffering, yield a grace
  To make her mournful features fair:—

Shunned by the gay, the proud, the young,
  She roams through dim, unsheltered ways;
Nor lover's vow, nor flatterer's tongue
  Brings music to her sombre days:—

At best her skies are clouded o'er,
  And oft she fronts the stinging sleet,
Or feels on some tempestuous shore
  The storm-waves lash her naked feet.

Where'er she strays, or musing stands
  By lonesome beach, by turbulent mart,
We see her pale, half-tremulous hands
  Crossed humbly o'er her aching heart!

Within, a secret pain she bears,—
  A pain too deep to feel the balm
An April spirit finds in tears;
  Alas! all cureless griefs are calm!

Yet in her passionate strength supreme,
  Despair beyond her pathway flies,
Awed by the softly steadfast beam
  Of sad, but heaven-enamored eyes!

Who pause to greet her, vaguely seem
  Touched by fine wafts of holier air;
As those who in some mystic dream
  Talk with the angels unaware!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
  And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
  The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
  As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
  And how what seems reproof was love most
    true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
  God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
  Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
  Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
  Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
  We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
  Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
  Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
  But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
    breath
  Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
  Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
  And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
  And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

MAY RILEY SMITH.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath:
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

VI.

DEATH: IMMORTALITY: HEAVEN.

THE PROSPECT.

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
  Leaning their faces on the window-pane
  To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And, thus, alas! since God the maker drew
  A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,—
  The life beyond us and our souls in pain,—
We miss the prospect which we are called unto
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
  And keep thy soul's large windows pure from wrong;
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
  Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

NOT in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—

Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery;—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone, gone!
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain!
Hopeless most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark.
Howe'er the north
Does raise his certain lamp, when tempests lower—
He sees no more that perished light again!
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd of Chaldea's hills
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon does not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze;—
And from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways!
Still wondering as the drowsy silence fills

The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews.—How chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars?
And like the earth, its crimson bloom and breath;
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die!—
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain—a mellow strain—
A wailing sweetness filled the sky;
The stars, lamenting in unborrowed pain,
That one of their selectest ones must die!
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 't is evermore our destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost;
The flower first budden, soonest feels the frost:
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed?

WILLIAM GILMORE

PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
  That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
  That he winds, on the beach, so mello
    clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together
And the Moon and the Fairy are watchi
    deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oa
To catch the music that comes from the sh
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; as they float, they say,
  "Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
  Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
  Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, sw
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing
And she held to her bosom a budding bouqu
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
  "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
  Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow;
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
  Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
  "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
  Of thought or care stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
  Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
  That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
  Upon noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
  "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
  Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;

Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
  Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust:
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay),
  "Passing away! passing away!"

JOHN PIERPONT.

LINES

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE IN THE GATE-HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER.

E'EN such is time; that takes in trust
  Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
  Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I 'M far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aften-
whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles;
I 'll never be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh,
an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made
them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething
be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain coun-
tree.

I 've his gude word of promise that some glad-
some day, the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will
bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been
sair,
But there they 'll never vex me, nor be remem-
bered mair;

His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry
mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain coun-
tree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its
nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's
breast;
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless
lambs like me,
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised, he 'll surely
come again,
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I 'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as
I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shin-
ing gate;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to
me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain
countree.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—MARK xiii. 35.

"IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet.
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;

When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
    Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
    In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
    I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
    In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
    Waiting for the dawn
    Of the golden sun
    Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
    The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
    Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
    In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
    I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
    When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
    Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
    Along the shore,

And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
Forevermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessing—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall.
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,

And wondering, and wondering
When he would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate;
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of his face!"
And look unto the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.

And when a shadow falls across the window
  Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
  If he is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
  In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
  And he will come."

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

EUTHANASIA.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
  Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
  And pleasure's siren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
  Or dreams of seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
  Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart
  That cheered the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
  And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie
  On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high
  By white-winged seraphs led:
Where glories, earth may never know,
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
  In peerless lustre shed.
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
  Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
  There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue unpillared skies,
  Up to its final home,
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,
  In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
  As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
  'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
  That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
  His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
  The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownèd king of day;
  For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
  Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
  Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
  Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
  Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
  Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
  To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
  Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
  To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
  Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
  On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste,—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
  That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
  For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
  What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
  But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
  Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
  For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
  Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
  How should I fear?

And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessèd Guide and Master,
Other than this;
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If thou come late.

SARAH WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:

Noiselessly as daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,

And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his glorious pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
  Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
  But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own my power,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I 'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

ONLY waiting till the shadows
  Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
  Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
  From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
  Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
  Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
  And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
  The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
  And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
  Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
  Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
  And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
  Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
  Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
  Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
  Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
  Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house."—HEINRICH STILLING.

NOT as you meant, O learnèd man, and good!
  Do I accept thy words of truth and rest;
  God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what he could,
    Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's house, and see
  Him and the Elder Brother face to face,—
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
  Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
    Not as a homesick child who all day long
    Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
  And leaves us our appointed work to do,
  Can we to him or to ourselves be true
In mourning his departure day by day,
    And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
  The absence brief by doing well our task,—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake.
  And at his coming only of him ask
    Approval of the work, which most was done,
    Not for ourselves, but our Belovèd One.

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand;
  In it how many, many mansions are!
  And, far beyond the light of sun or star,
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
    Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget
  These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
  With weeping in this balmy summer air:
    Yet I 'm not homesick, and the children *here*
    Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,
  Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
  Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,
And I who wait his coming, shall not I
        On his sure word rely?
And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,
  Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
  Let me remember these are things to be,
    To work his blessèd will until he comes
    To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
  The moments flying;
Come, tell the sweet amount
  That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
    For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
  And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
  The loss of leisure;

But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same;
We love,—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.
(*Barry Cornwall.*)

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

"Urit me Patriæ decor."

It kindles all my soul,
My country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll.
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, O, why so long,
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, O ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:
Here let me drop my chain,

And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

From the Latin of CASIMIR OF POLAND.

EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare
ever
There as here!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,—
The glory and the freshness of the dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,—
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling,

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art,—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind!—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest,—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,—

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SOLILOQUY: ON IMMORTALITY.

FROM "CATO," ACT V. SC. 1.

SCENE.—CATO, *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we
pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS:

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:—
"Bow down, O king of Deira,
Before the blessèd Rood!

Cast out thy heathen idols,
  And worship Christ our Lord."
—But Edwin looked and pondered,
  And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
  To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
  For his dear Son's own sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message,
  Who bears the keys and sword?"
—But Edwin looked and pondered,
  And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior
  Was fivescore winters old;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
  Like one long snow-wreath rolled:—
"At Yule-time in our chamber
  We sit in warmth and light,
While cold and howling round us
  Lies the black land of Night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
  Darts from the open door:
Within the happy hearth-light
  One red flash,—and no more!
We see it come from darkness,
  And into darkness go:—
So is our life, King Edwin!
  Alas, that it is so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
  Have somewhat more to tell;

Some news of Whence and Whither,
  And where the soul will dwell;—
If on that outer darkness
  The sun of hope may shine;—
He makes life worth the living!
  I take his God for mine!"

So spake the wise old warrior;
  And all about him cried,
"Paulinus' God hath conquered!
  And he shall be our guide:—
For he makes life worth living
  Who brings this message plain,
When our brief days are over,
  That we shall live again."

ANONYMOUS.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
  Where lie those happier hills and meadows low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
  Aught of that country could we surely know,
  Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
  Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
  With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
  Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

"Das stille Land."

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.
Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
  'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
  The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
  Rapt in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
  To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
  Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
  All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
  Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
  With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
  A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
  Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HEAVEN.

I NEVER saw a moor,
  I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
  And what a wave must be.

I never spake with God,
  Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
  As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts!
  They come and go,
    Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
  While round me flow
    The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
        While the leaves quiver
        By the lone river,
          And the quiet heart
            From depths doth call
            And garners all—
          Earth grows a shadow
            Forgotten whole,
          And heaven lives
            In the blessèd soul!

High thoughts
  They are with me
    When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
  Thy mourning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle! pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favorite bird
And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow,
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;

I hear the beating
Of nature's heart:
Heaven is before me—
God! thou art.

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wingèd thought which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings,
Upon its wings,
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep!

ROBERT NICOLL.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
  Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
  Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
  Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

PHŒBE CARY.

MEETING ABOVE.

If yon bright stars which gem the night
  Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere
Where kindred spirits reunite
  Whom death hath torn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
  To leave this blighted orb afar!
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
  And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
  Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
  We failed to meet the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine
  Which death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, would those stars in mockery shine,
  More joyless, as they shine forever!

It cannot be,—each hope, each fear
  That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
  Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There, Lord, thy wayworn saints shall find
  The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
  Thine own to thee forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
  Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fulness blest,
  While ages roll their cycles round.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD.

My days among the dead are passed;
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
  And seek [illegible] in woe;
And while I ur[illegible] and and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks [illegible] often been bedewed
With tears [illegible]tful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
  I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
  My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
  The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
  And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
  If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
  In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
  That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
  And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
  In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
  Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
  And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
  Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
  Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
velier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

hou not teach me, in that calmer home,
e wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
wisdom which is love—till I become
y fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HEAVEN.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a benigner air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
    Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;
    No broken sunshine there:
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like those of earth,—
    No mortal stain they bear,—
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;
    Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation, they to glory came;
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Yon robes of theirs are not like those below;
    No angel's half so bright;
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
    And whence that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became;
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky!

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merrysome maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.

For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier
store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet
carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE ANSWER.

"WHO would not go"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal,
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since, sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When he whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:

"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command—
His opening hand!

O dear ones there!
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, erelong, your blessèd home to share;
We take the guiding hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,
That land so fair!

ANONYMOUS.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in his sight
Who looks all nature through.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord;"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Unto thy child fulfil!

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI SAINT.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"'T is I, dear Friend," the Saint replied,
And trembling much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou,* without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, belovèd Lord,"
Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

From the Persian of JALLAL-AD-DIN RUMI.
Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

MATTER AND MAN IMMORTAL.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS," NIGHT VI.

As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and humility her wings, to Heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?

. . . . . .

Look Nature through, 't is neat gradation all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!

Each middle nature joined at each extreme,
To that above is joined, to that beneath;
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, joined there; here life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Checked Reason halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

LIFE.

FROM "FESTUS," SCENE "A COUNTRY TOWN."

FESTUS.— Oh! there is
A life to come, or all 's a dream.
LUCIFER.— And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order; then
Why may not all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not! Some morning God may waken.

FESTUS.—I would it were. This life 's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life 's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribèd treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,

Where thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,—
And above all thy holy face,—
Makes an eternal charity.
When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray,—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face,—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
  Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
  Where love becomes immortal;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
  Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
  But blooms for aye eternal.

We may know how sweet its balmy air,
  How bright and fair its flowers;

We may not hear the songs that echo there,
  Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
  With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
  That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
  A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
  Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
  Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
  And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
  Father, all-wise, eternal!
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
  Into those pastures vernal!

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,
  That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
  Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
  Some valley in the west,

Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer,—
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—
"Yes, in heaven!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace—
The rose that cannot wither—
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

STAR-MIST.

FROM "STARS."

More and more stars! behold yon hazy arch
Spanning the vault on high,
By planets traversed in majestic march,
Seeming to earth's dull eye
A breath of gleaming air: but take thou wing
Of Faith and upward spring:—
Into a thousand stars the misty light
Will part; each star a world with its own day and night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host
Upon the glorious shore
Deem thou. He marks them all, not one is lost;
By name He counts them o'er.
Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,
May on its glory throne
As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer
As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest thro' this air.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

FROM "THE FAËRIE QUEENE," BOOK II. CANTO 8.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace
Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

EDMUND SPENSER.

SAINT AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
  Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbath of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PRAISE OF THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

[The poem *De Contemptu Mundi* was written by Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluni. The translation following is of a portion of the poem distinguished by the sub-title "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis."]

The world is very evil,
  The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
  The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
  The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
  To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
  Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
  For Man, the God, shall doom!

Arise, arise, good Christian,
  Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
  To heavenly gladness lead,—
To the light that hath no evening,
  That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
  The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
  Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
  Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of
  Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
  An endless Sabbath-day.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
  And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion!
  O Paradise of Joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
  And smiles have no alloy!
Beside thy living waters
  All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
  The hyssop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
  Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
  Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
  With amethyst unpriced;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
  And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
  The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction
  Thy ransomed people raise:
"Jesus, the gem of Beauty,
  True God and Man," they sing,
"The never-failing Garden,
  The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
  The Guardian of his Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
  The Porter and the Port!"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
  Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
  To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
  They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
  And thine the golden dower!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
  O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
  The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
  Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
  The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is he to guerdon,
  The Buckler to protect,
And he himself the Mansion,
  And he the Architect.

The only art thou needest—
  Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest—
  The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
  In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
  The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
  Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
  What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them,
  My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
  The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
  Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
  And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
  The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessèd
  Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,
  And there, from care released,

The song of them that triumph,
  The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
  Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
  Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
  Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet reflection,
  And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
  Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
  Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
  For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
  That divers merits claim;
For midst the constellations
  That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter—
  And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
  The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
  That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
  Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
  And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,
  That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
  In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
  My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
  To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
  How gloriously they rise!
O none can tell thy capitals
  Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
  All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Zion,
  Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,
  Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
  Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
  Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
  Is the glorious decachord!

And there the band of Prophets
  United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
  Of Israel's ransomed tribes.
The lily-beds of virgins,
  The roses' martyr-glow,

The cohort of the Fathers
  Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
  Is Lord in regal state,—
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
  He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
  O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
  O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, [illegible]
  On that [illegible] hore,
I hope thee, [illegible], sing thee,
  And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
  I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
  A child of wrath am I;
But yet with faith I venture
  And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
  I labor night and day.

The best and dearest Father,
  Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
  And from defilement laved,
When in his strength I struggle,
  For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
  I weep, or try to weep:

Then grace, sweet grace celestial,
  Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
  Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Zion!
  O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
  And safe victorious fold!
O sweet and blessèd Country,
  Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country,
  Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
  To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
  O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult! O dust and ashes!
  The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
  Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
  The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
  Thou shalt be, and thou art!

From the Latin of BERNARD DE MORLAIX.
Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving griefs,
  No woful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
  No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
  Of God our king alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
  Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
  With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
  Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
  Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
  Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
  There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
  Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
  O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come
  That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
  No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
  And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
  And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,
  And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
  Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
  Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
  Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixèd is with gall,
  Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
  Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
  Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
  Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
  Thy joys when shall I see—
The King sitting upon His throne,
  And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
  So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
  Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
  There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
  The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
  There music 's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
  Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
  The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
  The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
  For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
  To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
  Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
  That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
  As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
  That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
  With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
  Singing around her feet.

"Te Deum," doth Saint Ambrose sing,
  Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
  Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
  And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
  Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
  And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
  And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
  And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
  Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
  Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen with glory clad,
  With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
  No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
  The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
  None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
  No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
  No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
  No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
  For ever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
  To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
  Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings beset
  In midst His servants' sight:
And they, His happy household all,
  Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
  There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
  From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
  The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
  And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
  And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
  Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
  The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
  Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
  Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
  And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
  And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
  In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
  They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
  But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
  If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
  Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal king are sung
  By happy wights above—
By savèd souls and angels sweet,
  Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
  Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and king,
  His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
  His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
  Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth He, "let them
  Which Thou hast put of old
To me, be there where lo! I am—
  Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee, before the world
  Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain great
  Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
  Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
  Then shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man loves me,
  Him loves my Father dear,
Whom I do love—to him myself
  In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
  That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
  Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my king,
  My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
  There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessèd are the pure in heart—
  Their sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
  Which of God's household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
  These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
  Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
  Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
  While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
  Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
  To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
  And dwell there all my life—
With cherubim and seraphim
  And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
  Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS

PARADISE.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
  Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
  Where they that loved are blest?
    Where loyal hearts and true
      Stand ever in the light,
    All rapture through and through,
      In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
  The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
  Where love is never cold?
    Where loyal hearts and true
      Stand ever in the light,
    All rapture through and through,
      In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
  Wherefore doth death delay?—
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
  Of our eternal day;
    Where loyal hearts and true
      Stand ever in the light,
    All rapture through and through,
      In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
  'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
  To feel, to see him near;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

FROM "THE DIVINE COMEDY."

HELL.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATE.

CANTO III.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

PURGATORY.

PRAYER.

CANTO VI.

WHEN I was freed
From all those spirits, who prayed for others' prayers
To hasten on their state of blessedness;
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!
It seems expressly in thy text denied,
That Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend
To supplication; yet with this design
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?
Or is thy saying not to be revealed?"

DANTE ALIGHIERI

He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,
And these deceived not in their hope; if well
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame
In a short moment all fulfils, which he,
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,
By praying no defect could be supplied:
Because the prayer had none access to God.
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not
Contented, unless she assure thee so,
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:
I know not if thou take me right; I mean
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

PRAYER OF PENITENTS.

CANTO XI.

"O THOU Almighty Father! who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st
Thy primal effluence; hallowed be thy name:
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto thee
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
With loud hosannas; so of theirs be done

By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou
Benign, and of our merit take no count.
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not
Our virtue, easily subdued; but free
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;
But for their sakes who after us remain."

MAN'S FREE-WILL.

CANTO XVI.

"Ye, who live,
Do so each cause refer to heaven above,
E'en as its motion, of necessity,
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.
Your movements have their primal bent from heaven;
Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power, which, if it stand
Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,
Conquers at last, so it be cherished well,
Triumphant over all. To mightier force,
To better nature subject, ye abide
Free, not constrained by that which forms in you

The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.
If then the present race of mankind err,
Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there."

FIRE OF PURIFICATION.

CANTO XXVII.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first
His early radiance quivers on the heights,
Where streamed his Maker's blood; while Libra hangs
Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,
Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.
So day was sinking, when the angel of God
Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far
Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."
I, when I heard his saying, was as one
Laid in the grave. My hands together clasped,
And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;
And busy fancy conjured up the forms
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.
The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,
Here torment thou may'st feel, but canst not death.
Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come

More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."
I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.

. . . . . .

Into the fire before me then he walked:
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.
I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,
"E'en now I seem to view." From the other side
A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. "Come," we heard,
"Come, blessèd of my Father." Such the sounds,
That hailed us from within a light, which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view.
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way
Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.

PARADISE.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

CANTO VII.

WHAT I have heard,
Is plain, thou say'st: but wherefore God this way
For our redemption chose, eludes my search.
"Brother! no eye of man not perfected,
Nor fully ripened in the flame of love,
May fathom this decree. It is a mark,
In sooth, much aimed at, and but little kenned:
And I will therefore show thee why such way
Was worthiest. The celestial love, that spurns
All envying in its bounty, in itself
With such effulgence blazeth, as sends forth
All beauteous things eternal. What distils
Immediate thence, no end of being knows;
Bearing its seal immutably imprest.
Whatever thence immediate falls, is free,
Free wholly, uncontrollable by power
Of each thing new: by such conformity
More grateful to its author, whose bright beams,
Though all partake their shining, yet in those
Are liveliest, which resemble him the most.
These tokens of pre-eminence on man
Largely bestowed, if any of them fail,
He needs must forfeit his nobility,
No longer stainless. Sin alone is that,
Which doth disfranchise him, and make unlike
To the chief good; for that its light in him

Is darkened. And to dignity thus lost
Is no return; unless, where guilt makes void,
He for ill pleasure pay with equal pain.
Your nature, which entirely in its seed
Transgressed, from these distinctions fell, no less
Than from its state in Paradise; nor means
Found on recovery (search all methods out
As strictly as thou may) save one of these,
The only fords were left through which to wade:
Either, that God had of his courtesy
Released him merely; or else, man himself
For his own folly by himself atoned.
"Fix now thine eye, intently as thou canst,
On the everlasting counsel; and explore,
Instructed by my words, the dread abyss.
"Man in himself had ever lacked the means
Of satisfaction, for he could not stoop
Obeying, in humility so low,
As high, he, disobeying, thought to soar:
And, for this reason, he had vainly tried,
Out of his own sufficiency, to pay
The rigid satisfaction. Then behoved
That God should by his own ways lead him back
Unto the life, from whence he fell, restored:
By both his ways, I mean, or one alone.
But since the deed is ever prized the more,
The more the doer's good intent appears;
Goodness celestial, whose broad signature
Is on the universe, of all its ways
To raise ye up, was fain to leave out none.
Nor aught so vast or so magnificent,
Either for him who gave or who received,
Between the last night and the primal day,

Was or can be. For God more bounty showed,
Giving himself to make man capable
Of his return to life, than had the terms
Been mere and unconditional release.
And for his justice, every method else
Were all too scant, had not the Son of God
Humbled himself to put on mortal flesh."

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

CANTO XIV.

And lo! forthwith there rose up round about
A lustre, over that already there;
Of equal clearness, like the brightening up
Of the horizon. As at evening hour
Of twilight, new appearances through heaven
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried;
So, there, new substances methought, began
To rise in view beyond the other twain,
And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit wide.
O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,
So passing lovely, Beatrice showed,
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes re-
gained
Power to look up; and I beheld myself,
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
Translated: for the star, with warmer smile
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.

With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks
The same in all, an holocaust I made
To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed.
And from my bosom had not yet upsteamed
The fuming of that incense, when I knew
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays
The splendors shot before me, that I cried,
"God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!"
As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,
Distinguished into greater lights and less,
Its pathway, which the wisest fail to spell;
So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,
Those rays described the venerable sign,
That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.
Here memory mocks the toil of genius. Christ
Beamed on that cross; and pattern fails me now.
But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,
Will pardon me for that I leave untold,
When in the fleckered dawning he shall spy
The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,
And 'tween the summit and the base, did move
Lights, scintillating, as they met and passed.
Thus oft are seen with ever-changeful glance,
Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,
The atomies of bodies, long or short,
To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line
Checkers the shadow interposed by art
Against the noontide heat. And as the chime
Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp
With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes
To him, who heareth not distinct the note;

So from the lights, which there appeared to me,
Gathered along the cross a melody,
That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment
Possessed me. Yet I marked it was a hymn
Of lofty praises; for there came to me
"Arise," and "Conquer," as to one who hears
And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy
O'ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing
That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

CANTO XXXI.

In fashion, as a snow-white rose, lay then
Before my view the saintly multitude,
Which is his own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile,
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,
Hovered around; and, like a troop of bees,
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labor glows,
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose
From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold:
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And, as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plumy loins,
Whispered the peace and ardor, which they won
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast
Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view

Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.
All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark
Their love and vision fixed. O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.
If the grim brood, from Arctic shores that roamed
(Where Helice forever, as she wheels,
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),
Stood in mute wonder mid the works of Rome,
When to their view the Lateran arose
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then
From human to divine had passed, from time
Unto eternity, and out of Florence
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,
In sooth, no will had I to utter aught,
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow, looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes
Coursed up and down along the living light,
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;
And, in each gesture, grace and honor high.
So roved my ken, and in its general form
All Paradise surveyed.

DANTE.

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

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